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THAT'S ALL.

BY S. U. W.

The drama lifts its curtain,
The players are arrayed,
The garlands are got ready,
And, when the money's paid,
You see a little man
And he woos a little maid.

The puppets take their places,
The farce of Life is played;
'Tis a shifting panorama
With all the world displayed;
For you're yourself the little man,
Or you're the little maid.

A Slandered Memory

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER," "IN SEARCH OF HIM," "WHICH WAS HER DEAREST," ETC.

CHAPTER X

OLIVE Pierrepoint sat in the drawing-room of the Nunnery, her work resting on her knees, her hands idly clasped together. The firelight shone upon her face and lighted up here and there a fold of the Pompeian red velvet dress she wore. It was dusk, but a wan reflection from the crisp new-fallen snow outside made the daylight seem to last a little longer this evening. However, it was too dark to work—and Olive was not working. She was thinking, her mind being filled with the sad thoughts to which "blind-man's holiday" sometimes gives rise, when the door opened, and Cuthbert Iredell walked slowly in, then, seeing her there, prepared to beat a retreat.

'Oh, don't go! Why do you always avoid me as if I had the plague?" said Miss Pierrepoint petulantly. "I shall not disturb you; for pity's sake do sit down and take your ease!"

"You are very kind," he answered coldly and sat down with a reluctant air. He glanced indifferently at the woman opposite to him, and then leaned back in his chair, took out a black book with brass clasps and corners, and began in silence to study the closely-written pages it contained.

She watched him for a few moments, with a dangerous gleam in her eyes. How dare he sit there staring at a stupid old note book when she, Olive Pierrepoint was present? And he might have talked to her had he cared to do so. She had never before come across such a man—one who could live in the same house with her and scarcely attempt flirtation. She could arrive at only one conclusion. His heart must be already disposed of: he must be in love with some one else.

She watched him with angry impatience as he took a pencil from his pocket and carefully made a brief entry in the little book; then as he leaned back with a scarcely audible sigh, she exclaimed petulantly—

"How I do dislike that book!"

He started; evidently he had almost forgotten she was in the room.

"How? What did you say? I beg your pardon," he said incoherently.

"What has come over you lately?" she asked.

"What has come over me?"—helplessly.

"Oh, for pity's sake, don't go on repeating what I say! It is so exasperating. You know you have changed. I could even assign a date for the change that has come over you. Ever since you rode Wildfire on the day of Miss Cumnor's accident, ever since you leapt Deadman's Gully, you have been a different creature, nobody has been able to extract a word from you. What is the matter?"

Cuthbert looked attentively at her; for the first time for many days he fixed his eyes and his thoughts fully upon her.

"I am even a poorer creature than I imagined," he replied, "if I have allowed my private troubles to be so plainly visible in my face and manner. I am in trouble; but I hoped I did not show it."

She clasped her hands round her knees and leaned forward, her large eyes full of sympathy.

"I like that—it is so manly of you to say straight out , 'I am in trouble,'" she said; "but I want to help you. Is it not a trouble you could tell me?"

He looked at her without any signs of the grateful adoration she had expected—indeed there was an expression of mistrust on his face.

"I could not burden you with my troubles," he answered with the air of a man who does not intend to answer questions.

He was hatefully unimpressionable; Olive could have boxed his ears with pleasure. She was more than ever determined to conquer him.

"They are all confided to the little black book with brass clasps," she said, laughing "but, believe me, it is not a very safe confidant. A man told me that to confide in a woman was exactly the same as writing your secrets in a book and leaving it about for any one to read who chose. He used to say that neither the woman nor the book will speak—as a rule—unless you examine them, when the secret is at once read with the utmost ease. I give you fair warning, if you leave the book about, I shall read it!"

"I give you full permission to do so—now, this moment, if you like," he answered, with a smile which maddened her, and holding out the open book.

She glanced ergerly at the closely-written pages, and then pushed it away with a display of petulance, half real, half feigned.

"Latin! What a shame!" she exclaimed.

He carefully closed the clasps and slipped the book into his pocket.

"It is anything but a perfect safeguard," he said, "but, for the ordinary prying individual, it would answer well. I hope I have not offended you, Miss Pierrepoint, that would be a cruel return for all your kindness; but it is better that my refusal should offend you than that I should oppress you by the knowledge of what I have to bear." He leaned his forehead on his hand with a sad smile. "You must not encourage me; I feel in the mood for weak complaining," he added.

"Weak? It is almost nice to hear you own to weakness—you are always so oppressively strong and self-contained."

"It is hard," he cried suddenly—"this world is hard, unjust, unequal! I can't be happy or content when I am burning with a sense of wrong! What have I done that here, at this juncture of my life, after years of toil, I should be left stranded without the slightest prospect, when I would give almost life itself for money enough to be independent? Ah, Miss Pierrepoint, poverty is hard for a woman, but it is maddening for a man of my age!"

"It must be," she murmured pityingly. "the world is full of injustice; but indeed there are some who can appreciate."

He sprang to his feet abruptly.

"What a pitiful wretch I am," he exclaimed, "to be bemoaning myself to you like this! It shows to what a depth of degradation I have sunk. But I will have no more of it. Please try to forget that I succumbed, even for a moment, to the temptation of talking to a woman who could sympathise with me."

Olive rose too, and laid a hand upon his arm.

"Listen," she said; "do not go. You think I have been trying to force your confidence? Well, I have; but I will never try again. We women don't always gauge the depth of a man's feelings. I will never refer to the subject again; but, if only I had influence, if I had but friends in England who could help you—

"I should never have come to England had I known how perfectly well off my mother was without me," he interposed bitterly. "If nothing turns up by the fourth of next month, I shall emigrate again. Across the sea, at least, no one knows—no one can point the finger of scorn at me."

"Oh, indeed you are exaggerating," said Olive gently; "no one about here scorns you. On the contrary, it is believed that you amassed a fabulous fortune in America."

"I did not mean that exactly—in fact, I cannot tell you what I mean," he returned sadly. "I only know that I have stayed here too long;" and he looked at her earnestly. "I promised my mother that I would stay a month. I have stayed nearly three. At the end of the three I shall go; it is madness to stay—sheer madness!"

Olive's hands fell lightly clasped before her, her eyes were fixed upon the fire. She was shaken with an emotion she had never felt before. It was folly—impossible, a moment's weakness—it could not really be that she was in love with this penniless man. In love or not, it must be put a stop to, for she meant to marry Sir Charles Mauleverer; but for one wild moment her heart was stirred with real feeling. She felt unable to move as he clenched his hands and set his teeth. Then, as she saw him unclasp his hands and hold them out towards her, she raised her eyes to his, and the look she saw there terrified her into speech.

"I will play something to you," she cried suddenly, and hurried away from him to where the piano stood in the darkness. She trembled as she opened the instrument Why this dreadful, this paralysing emotion. "Light the candles for me, please," she said, in a tone she did not recognise as her own.

He walked across the room to the piano. She heard him scrape a match three or four times without being able to light it; She heard him breathe quickly, and mutter some hasty words. Then at last he was successful, and lighted the candles. She looked at him nervously; he was deathly pale. Then he glanced at her and their eyes met.

"I said nothing!" he exclaimed defiantly.

"No—oh, no!" she answered hurriedly, and played some fragment of music, scarcely knowing what she was doing.

He strode over to the mantlepiece and leaned his arm upon it. She knew that his eyes were fixed upon her. He was in the shadow, the only light was that of the two candles at the piano.

She wondered what was the strange secret power this man had over her. What was it that made her shiver and her heart beat wildly under his gaze? She would resist it—she would play on. The strange force however was too much for her. Her usually clever fingers faltered on the keys; she played a false note, then another—paused—recommenced—and suddenly broke down hopelessly. Springing to her feet, she made for the door. Iredell reached it the same moment.

"Miss Pierrepoint," he said gently, "believe me, I never for a moment misinterpreted your generous sympathy; but I feel I have vexed you somehow."

"No, no! You have not vexed me. I was not feeling very well this evening—that is all."

"And we are friends—I have not displeased you?"

"No, no—of course not. I—I——Let me go, please!" she exclaimed desperately.

He opened the door, and, as she passed out of the room, he took her hand and raised it to his lips. Outside in the passage she kissed that hand again and again.

"Oh, why is the world so hard?" she reflected. "Why is that man not in Sir Charles Mauleverer's position? Was there ever a more exquisite piece of love making? It is the sort of thing one dreams of! He would have his tongue cut out sooner than tell me he loved me; he has the heart of a king! And yet I mean to marry this other man who would put his arm round my waist if I would allow it, and whose idea of making himself agreeable is to kiss a girl when no one is looking! Ah me, it's a weary world!"

Cuthbert strolled back to the fire and sat down in an easy-chair.

"Is she only the most heartless flirt that ever breathed, or does she care for me?" he mused. "In the first case I must beat a retreat—for my own sake; in the second for hers. A nice prospect to offer a woman, empty pockets and a disgraced name! And what have I Cuthbert Iredell, done that at my age I should be in such a position that I dare not look a woman in the face as her equal? Yet gods, it is hard! She will marry that Mauleverer, who will hold her like the man in Locksley Hall, 'Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse!' And I shall have to look on—thanks to my mother and to Gervase Cumnor!"

CHAPTER XI.

"Going to leave us Cuthbert!" cried Mrs Iredell, lugubriously. "My dear boy you can't—you mustn't! After having a gentleman in the house for three months, I should be wretched without one!"

"I" always "I" That remark was the key to Grace Iredell's character. She did not wish her son to go merely because it was convenient for her that he should stay.

"It is useless," said Cuthbert morosely; "I am losing all my self-respect. I have been three months an intruder at the Nunnery; I will be so no more. I will not stay in England with this slur resting on my name; and it is hopeless indeed to expect justice without money to pay for it in this country. I shall start for Liverpool on the fourth, and take passage to America again. I know a man there who will give me work."

Mrs. Iredell began to cry.

"Why can't you get something to do here—some tutoring or something of that sort—with all your education and Oxford friends?"

"I have written, as you know, to my Oxford tutor and to several others; but they all tell me how hopeless it is for a man who has thrown up every thing and turned farmer for seven years to expect a post of any sort. There is nothing for it but the country. I cannot stay here; it is misery!"

"It is madness to go just now!" cried his mother, indignantly brushing away her tears. "Is there no other way of redeeming your fortune? Are you blind? Can you not see that Olive Pierrepoint is very much struck with you; and will you take yourself off and leave such a chance——"

He turned suddenly upon his mother, his dark eyes flashing and a suppressed exclamation on his lips. She recoiled as if he had struck her.

"Oh heavens, Cuthbert, don't look so horribly like your father!" she gasped.

"I am sorry," he said, in muffled tones;

"but you should not say such things, mother, even in jest. I—I ask a young, beautiful, and independent woman to marry me! The gardener out there sweeping away the snow would be a fitter mate for her; he has no stain on his name. No, mother—not a word"—as she seemed about to speak—"will I hear from you upon the matter. What you say only convinces me me more than ever that I must go. Good heavens, does she too look upon me as a fortune hunter?"

"You are just like your father," returned Mrs. Iredell—"absurdly high flown and impracticable! Who in the world is to know that you have a stain on your name? Is there no other family called 'Iredell' in England? You don't suppose I have paraded my misfortunes before Fraulein Koderlitz and her niece do you?"

"No, indeed; but neither do I suppose you would so far wrong yourself as seriously to suggest to me that I should marry any woman without telling her whose son I am. Deny my father—never!"

"If you would but listen to reason!" she cried petulantly.

At that moment the door was opened to admit Olive Pierrepoint, who had just come in from her ride. Self-consciousness caused the blood to rush to Cuthbert's face, and he showed signs of confusion which were keenly noted by the observant eyes of the young lady as she crossed the room and, pulling off her gauntlet gloves, held her slender fingers to the fire.

"Oh, it is bitterly cold" she said—"freezing harder than ever! Do go on scolding Mr. Iredell, please, Grace. It is so nice to hear some one else 'catching it'!"

"Scold him yourself; perhaps it will have more effect," returned Mrs Iredell. "What do you think he declares? He means to leave us on the fourth, which is the day after to-morrow, and start for Liverpool en route for America!"

Olive slowly turned her head, upon which the glow of the fire was reflected, and looked earnestly at Cuthbert. He stood with his back towards the light; she could not see his face, but his shoulders were squarely set.

"He cannot go on Sunday," she said.

"Why not, Miss Pierrepoint?" he demanded.

"It is the night of the Hunt Ball. He has accepted the invitation and he must go."

"I am not going to the ball," he said firmly.

"Not going?" she echoed, warming her hands diligently.

"No!"

She raised her head again, then rose from her kneeling position and approached him.

"But I want you to go," she pleaded. He made no answer.

"Suppose I say that it will spoil half my pleasure if you do not go?" she murmured.

"I should reply that your exceeding kindness was leading you to say what was not strictly true."

She moved slowly away from him and gathered up her whip and gloves without a word.

"I am ashamed of you, Cuthbert! You are the most ungracious man I ever knew!" cried his mother. Don't you see you have hurt her feelings? '

"Oh," said Olive, disguising her mortification with an effort, "that's nothing!"

She left the room, and Iredell impetuously followed her.

"Olive," he was imploring, "I beg your pardon! I am so grieved to have hurt you! What must I do to atone?"

She paused, and laughed nervously.

"What must you do? Why, if you are really penitent, yo will do as I ask you."

"Go to the ball?"

"Yes."

"I will go anywhere to please you."

"Then you will stay?"

"Oh, yes, I will stay! It was a foregone conclusion, of course, that I must succumb in the end. You women are cruel; you use all your power!"

"It is our only privilege," she answered lightly, and, nodding to him, passed on up stairs to her luxurious room, which was lighted only by the firelight from the hearth.

Sitting down in a deep low chair, she rested her chin on her hands. She had heard news to-day which stirred her strongly. Sir Charles Mauleverer had been losing heavily on the turf—it was, she knew, the one thing which would drive him to marry. Would it be Janet Phelps or Olive Pierrepoint? A dim idea floated through her mind that the Hunt Ball would be the turning-point of her life. During the past month there had been a coolness between Sir Charles and herself on account of Iredell. At the ball she must play her cards dexterously, or lose all. Iredell must be there, to impart to the Baronet a sense of insecurity; but he must be kept aloof, to make Sir Charles feel her preference for himself. Everything depended on that night. The mere accident of what she wore might make all the difference.

Rising with sudden energy, she rang for her maid, and spent the interval till dinner in studying that important subject. She wavered long between two gowns, doubting whether it would be wise to adopt the most daring and outre of her costumes and force her admirer into a declaration in spite of all his prejudices, or to make herself simple and inconspicuous, that he might imagine she had dressed to please him. Finally, after trying on each in succession and pacing before the mirror in doubt, she came to the conclusion that the issue must depend entirely on what mood she found herself in on the eventful night.

* * * * *

Thursday night came—a moonlit frosty night, with enough snow to powder the country and not enough to interfere with the comfort of the horses. The ground was like iron—there was no chance of hunting till Jack Frost had released his cruel grip. The idea of the ball was quite a boon to all the idle men of the neighborhood; the whole country side was present.

The three occupants of Miss Pierrepoint's smart little brougham were very silent as they bowled along the hard road. Cuthbert, with his back to the horses, gazed persistently out of the window at the moonlit landscape, and not, as he should have done, at Olive's face and soft cloudy wraps, half buried in a nest of furs. Mrs. Iredell leaned back, thinking with gentle pleasure of a certain bachelor vicar, the Reverend James Larkin, who was pretty sure to be present that night, and who, he was confident, would marry her on the smallest encouragement. She was by no means anxious to marry. Life at the Nunnery suited her admirably; it was easy and luxurious, with just enough mild gaiety to prevent it being dull. Still it was pleasant to have an admirer, and very fortunate he should be an eligible one, so that, in case of any unforeseen turn of Fortune's wheel, the comfortable Vicarage with its well-stocked cellar might be hers at will. These seductive musings occupied her so entirely that see forgot to wonder at the silence between Cuthbert and Olive, which lasted through the whole drive.

Olive's nerves were in a state of severe tension. It seemed to her that the night must and should decide all; and, as she alighted from the carriage and stood half dazed in the glare of light in the vestibule of the handsome Town Hall where the ball was held, her countenance, always remarkable, seemed almost unearthly.

"What a magnificent woman! Quite my idea of Medea!" exclaimed an officer. "Woe to the Jason who should dare to play her false! I'll get introduced to her! Here comes Mauleverer; wonder if he knows her?"

Olive caught sight of Sir Charles at the same moment. He came forward, programme in hand, and stopped suddenly on beholding her. There was a look on his face which Olive could not fathom. It was partly passionate admiration, partly something else. At first he half turned, as if he would avoid her, then apparently made up his mind to advance, and took her hand.

"How do you do? It is not a fine night?" he said.

"Yes," she answered, and smiled at him with an eloquent look.

He seemed to find it difficult to speak. There was no doubt that he was nervous—What could be the reason? Had he determined to set the county at defiance, and to yield to his love for her—to tell her so that night.

"The ladies' room is to your right, Miss Pierrepoint," he said. "When you have taken off that bewildering *sortie du bal*, I will give you a programme."

She was piqued that he should not have seized such a golden opportunity to secure his dances; and, as she turned away, she saw behind her Squire and Mrs. Phelps and Janet. She saw Sir Charles start forward, with what she thought was undue *empressement*, to meet them—saw Mrs. Phelps shake him cordially by the hand, saw him give the programme he held to Janet.

"I must fight desperately to-night," Olive thought, as she entered the dressing-room.

It was crowded with ladies—from the London girl, perfectly dressed, come down for a few balls in the provinces, to the clergyman's daughter at her first dance—shy; awkward, rustic, pretty—from the county matron, stout and important, ignored by the London girl who did not know the magic of her name, to the faded, poor-looking Doctor's wife, whose head had been almost turned at the distinction of receiving an invitation. Amongst them all Miss Pierrepoint, followed by Mrs. Iredell, passed somewhat haughtily. Undoubtedly they were the handsomest women in the room. Mrs. Iredell wore rich black satin sparkling with jet. Her lovely neck and arms put to shame those of women twenty years her junior. The removal of Olive's bewildering wraps revealed a dress of white silk of heavy texture and classic style, and ornaments of dead gold. She was regal, almost weird in her beauty that night.

Mrs. Phelps and Janet walked into the dressing room just as the ladies from the Nunnery were leaving it, and they paused to shake hands.

"My dear Miss Phelps," cried Miss Goodier, a faded country belle, pressing forward, "I hear we are to congratulate you to-night! Do let me be among the first!"

"You are very kind," faltered Janet, blushing and smiling, and receiving her congratulations with all the consciousness of one newly betrothed.

"Of course every one knew how it would be! Sir Charles has long been at no pains to conceal his intentions," went on Miss Goodier, revelling keenly in the delight of humiliating Olive. "But how charming that things should be settled so conveniently for the Hunt Ball! I suppose no one will be allowed a peep at that programme?"—archly.

For one moment Olive had remained perfectly still and cold. This was what Sir Charle's nervousness and hesitation had meant; his coolness, his failure to appear at the Nunnery during the past week or two, were accounted for! He was engaged already to Janet! In that miserable moment she had almost lost her self-control; but she was a woman of the world, and her habitual command of her feelings stood her in good stead. She turned to Miss Phelps with a gracious smile and a tranquil countenance.

"You must also let me congratulate you," she said, "though, as Miss Goodier says, it was a foregone conclusion. I think Sir Charles too is much to be congratulated; he is a lucky man to win you."

The easy tone deceived even Mrs. Iredell.

"I was right—it is my boy, not Sir Charles, that she is in love with," reflected Cuthbert's mother.

"You are very kind," said simple Janet, replying beamingly to Olive's polite speech. "I am very happy indeed."

"And how long is it since the affair was finally settled?" asked Miss Pierrepont.

"It was the night before last—Charles rode over to Dunning to dine," faltered Janet, bashful and rosy. "I can hardly believe it all yet."

"Blissful state!" said Olive, smiling at her as she swept out of the room. "The very day," she was thinking fiercly, "he heard of his losses he went and offered himself to her! Unheard-of baseness! Thank the Fates I am quit of him! Yet, oh, the humiliation of it!"

Outside the door Cuthbert was waiting for her programme in hand. He paused a moment, dumfounded by her beauty; she saw it in his dark expressive eyes as he turned upoon her.

"Here is a card for you," he said at last. "How many dances may I have? '

She held out the programme to him with an irresistible look similar to that which, ten minutes before, she had carried to Sir Charles.

"Take it and work your will," she said; "I give you literally carte blanche."

CHAPTER XII.

When they entered the ball-room, Sir Charles was nowhere to be seen. The Misses Mauleverer, as sisters of the M.F.H. stood at the upper end of the room to receive the guests. Olive smiled radiantly upon them, and extended her hand with the air of a queen commanding her subjects.

"I hear I am to congratulate you on your brother's engagement to Miss Phelps," she said sweetly. "A most suitable match! How seldom things arrange themselves so delightfully!"

The ladies were so taken by surprise that they were smiling and thanking her before they realised what they were doing. Cuthbert, who was behind his mother, did not hear a word that was said, but he noticed the unusual cordiality of the dames, and his heart almost failed him. Had their brother told them that they must be civil to the woman he meant to make his wife? He had taken reckless advantage of the surrender of her programme, thinking bitterly that she meant to give him full opportunity to make a fool of himself, and finally Miss Pierrepoint was led away by the officer who had said she looked like Medea, and who had prevailed upon Miss Mauleverer to introduce him to "that splendid girl—incomparably the finest woman in the room."

The Misses Mauleverer felt annoyed with Olive for her beauty. Janet was pretty, but she was not conspicuously so. She was like so many hundred other girls—with light brown hair curled into fringe in front, a fine complexion, nondescript features, good teeth, and hazel eyes. This evening nervousness made her flush more than usual; and Sir Charles' first impression of his betrothed, as he led her off to open the ball; was that she looked awkward and disgraceful.

The dance over, the Baronet wandered out into the ante-room with lowering brow. Catching sight of Miss Pierrepoint standing near her partner, he approached her, still with the strange expression which she had noticed when he first addressed her that evening.

"Have you kept any dances for me?" he asked.

"You never asked me to do so," she answered, with maddening sweetness.

"Does that mean that I am to have none?"

"Oh, I dare say I have one to spare! Will number four do?"

He glanced at his own card, and his face fell.

"Have you no others? I am engaged for that."

"Oh, yes—number twenty, or the sixth extra?"

"I will take number four and effect an exchange," he replied sullkily.

At that moment Iredell came up.

"This is our dance," he said impressively, and led her away.

Sir Charles watched them as they disappeared behind the curtains that covered the archway, and a deep sigh escaped him. He had seriously thought that in proposing to Miss Phelps he had been following the call of duty and resisting the voice of the siren; but, alas, virtue was not its own reward! Never had he adored Olive so fiercely as that evening, when he knew she could never be his.

The next dance was number four, and, having arranged with the lady with whom he had been pledged to dance it, he sought Miss Pierrepoint. She was seated under a stand of branching ferns talking earnestly to Iredell, and was looking so beautiful that Mauleverer almost lost all self-control as he gazed at her.

He was glad to think that he should be able to wound her—to teach her that she could no longer play with him, tease him, arouse his jealousy.

The idea of announcing his engagement to her was the pleasantest thought which that engagement had brought to him.

Would she show signs of pain? Would she blush? Would she break down? he asked himself; and the thought so excited him that, as Olive raised her eyes to his, she was almost alarmed by his expression. All the patent cruelty of his nature seemed to be written on his face.

A fierce sudden longing to make him suffer keenly entered her heart; and as she marked the look of hate which passed between him and Iredell, a strange determination seized her, a reckless resolve which only such a woman as Olive Pierrepoint could have conceived, much more carried out.

Neither of them spoke a word at first. The waltz was in full swing, and they silently joined the dancers. They went once round the room, and then Mauleverer paused. He drew his hand away from Olive's waist as though the touch were dangerous; he turned and looked at her—a look which was almost fiendish.

"I—I have something to tell you," he said. "Will you not come and sit down somewhere quietly?"

"I think I had better not leave the ball-room," she answered indifferently, slowly moving her white fan of ostrich-feathers to and fro—"my partners will be looking for me; but let me take advantage of this pause to congratulate you on your engagement to Miss Phelps, of which every one is talking."

His face, as he turned to her, was almost livid; he could scarcely speak.

"You know?" he gasped.

"Of course, I know. Have you any objection? You seem annoyed."

"So it is known all over the room already, is it?" he said, almost despairingly. "How people's tongues do wag, by Jove! '

"You don't expect people to keep silence over such an event as the engagement of

the Master of the Hounds, do you? It is a much more important thing hereabouts than the engagement of the Heir-Apparent."

"I don't believe you care in the least!" he cried.

"Care?" she returned, with well-feigned carelessness. "Oh, yes, I do! I assure you I'm most interested; women always are interested in that sort of thing, I believe."

He was goaded now almost to madness; his sole desire was to insult her.

"And when am I to perform the same kind office for you?" he asked, with a cruel smile. "When am I to congratulate Miss Pierrepoint on her engagement?"

She turned to him with a placid smile, and daintily inclined her head.

"You can do so now, if you like," she said.

There was a brief interval of silence; then he suddenly exclaimed—

"What, in Heaven's name, do you mean?"

"Just what I say. You seem to wish to congratulate me. You need not check the generous impulse."

"Congratulate?" On what?" "On my engagement."

"To whom, may I ask?"

She laughed consciously, and lowered her eyelids.

"Oh," she said, "can't you guess?"

He made no answer; no name was mentioned by either of them. He turned and left her, and almost before she realized that she was alone Cuthbert was at her side again.

His voice roused her to a sense of what she had done. Her eyes, as they met his, wore a startled look. She had taken, for the pleasure of punishing Sir Charles, a terribly decisive step; and now what she had to do was to make Iredell propose before the Baronet had time to congratulate him on his engagement. Her every faculty was set on the accomplishment of this aim.

"Cuthbert," she murmured, using his name as if by accident, "take me away quickly out of his noise! I feel faint!"

His look of passionate concern was hopeful. He moved swiftly along with her through the crowd into one of the many rooms which had been cleverly fitted up with ferns, lounges, Japanese screens, and fountains of rose water.

"Here," she said—"behind here—where no one can see me. There!"—sinking upon a sofa. "Don't speak to me for a moment," "I am going to get you some champagne" he replied, and darted away, leaving her in a state of terror lest he should meet Sir Charles.

He was back however in such a very short space of time that she knew he could have spoken to no one. She was sitting motionless when he rejoined her, her head leaning back against the sofa, the softened light of a rose-colored lamp making her look more beautiful than ever. She scarcely touched the wine he brought, but put it aside with a weary gesture.

"It is air I want," she said "Fan me please!"

He took the white feathery screen from her hand and then an idea suddenly occurring to him, he seized the tiny lace handkerchief which lay in her lap, rushed away dipped it into the scent-fountain, and brought it back.

"May I touch your temples with it?" he said. "See—I am a good nurse! Lean back—lay your head on that cushion—so! Now I'm going to let you feel how cool and nice this is. Is that better?"

She lay back obediently as he told her. They were quietly screened from all observation, as they sat there, in a world of their own. She closed her eyes and yielded to the delight of his touch as he waited tenderly upon her. But the strain had been too much for her; this knightly homage, this chivalrous devotion of Iredell's, was more than she could bear, and, after on unavailing struggle, she burst into tears

"Olive," he exclaimed, "what is it? Has anything distressed you, my dear?"

She turned and hid her face in the pillow, sobbing violently.

"Go—go! Leave me alone!" she gasped.

"Oh, I cannot—you know I cannot do that! Tell me what it is, and I will help you! Olive—my beloved——"

He stopped abruptly, the blood rushing to his face. Heedless to where he was, quite overmastered by the fascination of this woman; he knelt beside her, and covered her hand with kisses.

"Speak to me! Tell me why you are crying," he said vehemently.

"I could tell you anything—anything but that!" she sobbed, allowing her hand to remain in his. "I cannot tell you that because—because you would despise me!"

"I should despise you? Yes—much as a condemned wretch despises the young queen who, in the interest of justice and order, has signed his death-warrant!"

There was a moment's silence; then she said softly—

"But you—you have signed your death-warrant."

He raised his pale face to hers.

"I know there are woman," he said, "who will go to great lengths for the sake of making a conquest. The man's heart does not count—that may break, or not, as the man likes, so long as the woman has conquered. Do you want me to go to the bitter end, Olive? Will you not be content till you have wrung from me in words the confession which you have so often heard from other lips—the avowal of what you know so well already? Well, it shall be so! I am your slave, and I will lay myself at your feet. I love you, Olive; and, were I rich instead of poor, and renowned instead of dishonored, I solemnly vow you should be the wife of none but me!"

The words had been spoken in an undertone, but with thrilling, passionate force. In that moment Olive Pierrepoint was nearer happiness than she had been since she first entered on her restless, self-seeking career. Slowly raising her head, she turned it, to meet the ardent, almost defiant gaze of Cuthbert Iredell, who still knelt beside her.

His head was almost on a level with her own; he was trembling with the force of his emotion. Resolutely and deliberately she stretched out her arms, placed them around his neck, and laid her cheek against his dark hair.

"Oh, my Cuthbert," she said, "how proud you were! Was it bitter for you to make that confession? Did it hurt you? Forgive me, my own—I had to make you suffer; for how could I tell you what—what I feel for you unless you spoke first? Take me, Cuthbert—I am yours—yours only!"

Silently he knelt with closed eyes, passive under her caress, then he rose, took her in his arms, and kissed her lips.

"Once," he said quietly—"only once—and now it is over! I have renounced you, my love! Do you think I would accept such a sacrifice?" He spoke low and unsteadily, holding her head lovingly against his aching heart. "I dare not pledge myself to you—I am not wretch enough to stoop to that. You do not know me, Olive. I am not merely a beggar; I am worse—the son of a man who put an end to his own life to escape, they say, from the consequences of a terrible crime. Would you like every one in the county to point the finger of scorn at your husband? Would you like them to say, 'This beggar, with his dishonored name, married the heiress for her money'? Heaven knows what it costs me to tell you this; but you see now—don't you, darling? You see that it is all out of the question—that I must go away and leave you, carrying only a blessed memory of my one hour in Paradise?"

"I see only one thing," she answered—"I see my love for you, and it so fills all my view that there is no room left to see anything else. I love you, Cuthbert; you love me. Nothing shall be strong enough to part us. Yes, you may talk on, till to-morrow if you will, but I shall never be convinced. You shall not shake me off and go and leave me alone! You dare not be so cruel to me—you dare not!"

He leaned forward and hid his face in his two hands.

"What am I to say?" he cried.

"Say the truth," she whispered; "say you do not love me if it is so!"

He grasped her hand in his.

"Listen, darling," he said; "on one subject my opinion is unalterable. I have devoted my life to clearing my father's name. I will not lay aside that idea. I swear solemnly before Heaven I will not make you my wife till I have either accomplished that object or see myself in a position to accomplish it. Give me a year, Olive. With you as a goal, how shall I strain every nerve, how easy difficulities will seem! Let us wait a year and see if fortune favors me. I will leave no stone unturned; I will work night and day; and, if—if in the interval you find some one worthier than I, why, dearest, I, the son of a felon, can hardly blame you!"

She sank into his arms.

"I will not be 'ree," she exclaimed; "I will be bound as you are—where I give, I give all!" Hastily tearing off her gloves, she drew an emerald ring from her finger and placed it on his. "There you are mine," she said, "my true knight, to fight all foes for me!"

He raised his hand and looked doubtfully at a valuable ring he wore containing one splendid ruby.

"I do not like to give you that," he said sadly; "It was my father's"

"Then let me take it and show the world that I believe in his innocence." she murmured softly.

"Bless you for that," he rejoined fervently as he placed the ring upon her finger.

As he bent adoringly over her hand, the sound of a brilliant inspiring waltz burst upon their ears. The eyes of the lovers met.

"Come!" said Cuthbert.

"Let us dance," she answered; and together they rose and went into the ball-room.

It was maddening happiness—almost pain—that dance. Round and round they moved as if by one impulse, heart and pulses throbbing in time to the exquisite music. When at last the waltz ceased and they paused breathless, he looked into her shining eyes and laughed his rare, sweet, joyous laugh.

Sir Charles Mauleverer heard the laugh, saw the ardent mutual gaze of the two lovers, and his heart burnt fiercely. It had been an evening of dust and ashes to him, an evening of almost unceasing annoyance. He had brought his fiancee to tears by scolding her for dancing so often with her Cantab cousin Jack, aged twenty; he had smiled and bowed in return for people's congratulations till he was weary and disgusted. With a grim hope of afflicting annoyance on some one else, he approached Cuthbert and Olive, who were slowly pacing down the long room together, Cuthbert holding his lady-love's fan and moving it gently to and fro. Suddenly Mauleverer's rasping voice broke in upon them.

"I hear I am to congratulate you, Mr. Iredell," he said.

Cuthbert's heart beat fiercely at the insolent tone. He detected an ill-bred sneer in the Baronet's words; he knew that they were meant to wound both him and Miss Pierrepoint. His idea of keeping the engagement secret vanished at once in the delight of giving this man his coup de grace

"I am the man most to be congratulated in the room to-night, Sir Charles," he said; "Miss Pierrepoint has done me the honor to say she will be my wife. I thank you for your congratulations, which are most opportune."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CHOOSING HIS SUIT.—Parents are sometimes loath to relinquish their parental authority, even when their sons and daughters are men and women, and ought to be learning to think and act for themselves.

A tall, awkward, and painfully-diffident young man of twenty-one or twenty-two years went, a short time since, into a clothier's shop, accompanied by a short, active, and keen-eyed little woman, whose self-possession was perfect.

"Let us see some black suits of some kind, something not too high, nor yit so cheap as to be good for nothin'," said the woman to the assistant.

"Yes ma'am, Is the suit for this young man?"

"Yes, it's for him. 'Ve you any idee 'bout what you want in the way of a suit, Aaron?"

"I'd like one of them shiny black suits," replied Aaron, meekly.

"Well, I don' know," said his mother, with a shake of her head. "I'm doubtful 'bout them wearing well; an' I b'lieve I'd better git you somethin' rather better,"

The assistant led the way to a counter piled high with expensive black suits, and the mother began—

"How do you like this, Aaron?"

"I don' know."

"Well, look at it, boy, and see whether you think you'd like it."

"I think so."

"Do you like this one any better."

"I don' know as I do."

"Well, I want you to make up your mind now, and not go wishin' you'd got something else as soon as you git home."

The amusement of the assistant was increased when, after carefully examining suit after suit without coming to a decision, the old lady said—

"You may show me something a leetle mite better'n any of these. I wouldn't be so particklar, but it's his weddin' suit I'm gettin' an' I feel as though I'd like him to look a little half-way decent on such an occasion. D'you think you'd be satisfied to stand up in this one, Aaron?"

During a melodramatic performance a stout lady began to sob violently. Anxious husband—"Come, my dear, let us be going; this is too much for your feelings." "What does it matter to you so long as I am enjoying myself."

Bric-a-Brac.

THE CUCKOO.—The cuckoo was extremely popular at one time in Shropshire, but more so apparently among laborers than among their employers. The usage was that, when the first cuckoo was heard, the laborers all left their work, made holiday for the rest of the day, and caroused with what they called the cuckoo ale.

OLD FURNITURE.—What is probably the most venerable piece of furniture in existence has lately been deposited in the British Museum. It is the throne of Queen Hatasu, who reigned in the Nile valley some sixteen hundred years before Christ and twenty-nine years before Moses. This now dilapidated object seems to be of lignum-vitæ, the carvings of the legs being inlaid with gold and those of the back with silver.

TOOTH-PICKS GALORE.—A wood tooth-pick factory is one of the flourishing wood-working establishments of Harbor Springs, Michigan. White birch is exclusively used in the manufacture of the tooth-picks, and about seven millions and a half of the little splinters are turned out daily. The logs are sawn into bolts each twenty eight inches in length, then thoroughly steamed and cut up into veneer. The veneer is cut up into long ribbons three inches in width, and these ribbons, eight or ten at a time, are run through the tooth-pick machinery.

A WONDERFUL BIRD.—"There is a most wonderful brown-and-golden bird in Mexico," writes an old naturalist, "that beats all the birds I ever saw. I have stood in the wild regions and watched them for hours. This bird is the most perfectly-developed specimen of bee-martin, and he has a way of ruffling up the feathers on the top of his head to make hi crest look like a beautiful flower. Along comes the bee to sip honey from the delusive flower, when he is snapped up by the bird."

STREET NAMES.—A vast number of the London streets take their names from territorial landlords, such as Bedford, Oxford, Essex, Arundel, and others. A bit of family history is illustrated by various small streets contiguous to the Strand. Thus, one the Bedford family married Catherine, heiress of Brydges, Lord Chandos, and, later, Lord Tavistock married a daughter of Lord Southampton. These alliances are now recalled by Catherine, Brydges, Chandos, Tavistock, and Southampton streets.

SISTERS OF THE PEOPLE.—A new association has been formed, calling itself the Sisters of the People. They are not under any vows of celibacy, and if they want to get married they may leave the sisterhood and do so at any time. They are all young ladies of private fortune, and pay for their own support; they wear a kind of uniform, which is not altogether indicative of renunciation of the world, but is rather becoming than otherwise. They live together under a mild kind of discipline, and busy themselves in visiting the sick, assisting the poor, and taking part in religious exercises.

BIBLE MEASURES.—Biblical units have the following equivalents: A shekel of gold was $8. A firkin was 7 cents. A talent of gold was $13 809. A talent of silver was $438 90 Ezekiel's reed was nearly 11 feet. A cubit was nearly 22 inches. A bin was 1 gallon and 2 pints. A mite was less than a quarter of a glass. A shekel of silver was about 50 cents. A piece of silver, or penny, was 13 cents. A Sabbath day's journey was about an English mile. An ephah, or bath, contains 7 gallons and 5 pints. A day's journey was about 23 1 5 miles. A hand's breadth is equal to 3 5 8 inches. A finger's breadth is equal to 1 inch. A farthing was 7 cents.

NOTHING UNUSUAL.—A certain judge was trying a case in which a witness swore that he could not fix the exact time of a particular event because he had left his watch at home accidentally. The cross examining counsel was rather sceptical about this, whereupon the judge said, "There is nothing unusual in that. Why, only this morning I left my watch on the dressing-table, and did not recollect it till, before entering court, I wanted to find out the time!" When his lordship reached home, he found that a messenger had visited the house, mentioned the judge's forgetfulness, described where the watch was, and asked for it to take it to the owner. Then the judge remembered what he had said in open court.

THE knowledge we have acquired ought not to resemble a great shop without order, and without an inventory; we ought to know what we possess, and be able to make it serve us in need.

AMONG THE WHEAT.

BY C. C.

I stray alone among the rustling wheat,
The sun has set in mists of lurid red;
The night is coming, silent—calm—and sweet,
The day, with all its noise and heat, is dead.

Reclining here, amid the yellow corn,
In dreams, I hear a voice breathe low and sweet,
And ever and anon—on breezes borne—
I hear the murmuring waters at my feet.

It is not years have turn'd my hair so gray;
My eyes—but not with years—have lost their glow;
Alas! why cannot I forget that day?
Why doth it ever haunt my memory so?

It is the harvest time. I, sad and lone,
Am dreaming still as I have dream'd of yore—
Listening in fancy to the waves' sad moan—
In fancy wandering on that bleak sea shore.

LORD AND LADY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," "MY CROOKED PATHS," "SHEATHED IN VELVET," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLI.

IT WAS the first time Norah had ridden in a hansom, and the journey to Mr. Petherick's office seemed all too short. As for Cyril, he made a mental vow that he would spend part of their honeymoon riding beside his wife, and holding her hand under the splash board.

The old clerk announced that Mr. Petherick had not returned, and they were about to leave the office when that gentleman entered.

He was considerably startled at sight of Norah, and more than startled when he heard all that she had to tell.

"Bless my soul!" he exclaimed, staring from Norah to Cyril in a kind of amazement. "Catherine Hughes married, and you—you her daughter! Let me see these papers! I don't believe a word of it! Strange! I've always had my ideas of Mr. Berton—always. And yet he was invariably kind and businesslike. Let me see! Mind, before I look at 'em, I express my opinion that they are bogus!"

But his face lengthened as he examined the certificates and compared the dates with the notes he had taken during Norah's recital.

"I—I'm afraid," he said reluctantly, "I'm afraid——Why, confound it, every penny will go to the present earl!" and he looked from one to the other. But Norah did not appear at all heartbroken by the loss of her wealth, and even Mr. Cyril Burne showed very few signs of grief and regret.

"I suppose you have found the young earl, sir?" said Cyril demurely.

Mr. Petherick shook his head with a frown of annoyance.

"No, I have not. I thought I had got a clue to him, and followed it up as far as Paris, but it turned out to be another man altogether. I—I can't understand why he keeps in hiding, unless he is dead."

"Even his death would not restore this money to Miss Norah," said Cyril.

"Oh, as to restore," said the old lawyer pugnaciously, "she hasn't lost it yet. We shall make a fight of it, of course; and we are just as likely to win as lose."

"But—but I don't want to fight," said Norah in a low voice. "I wish to give up all claim to it."

Mr. Petherick shook his head.

"That's all very well, my dear young lady," he said severely, "but perhaps this gentleman," and he looked at Cyril, "may have something to say to that; and—ahem! —you should study the wishes of your—er —future husband; eh, Mr. Burne?"

"Her wishes are mine," said Cyril quietly. "If Miss Norah is bent on resigning all claim to this money, I am more than willing to let it go without a struggle."

The old lawyer stared at them gravely.

"Dear, dear!" he said, "Tut, tut! Do you mean to say that you are going to resign half a million of money without a fight for it? You'll—you'll forgive me sir; but I thing if you were, say, twenty years older you'd adopt a different course."

"No, I shouldn't said Cyril, with some difficulty suppressing a smile. "I am quite willing that the earl should have this money. We shall get on very well. I—I don't know whether you can tell me how soon I can get a special licence."

They talked for some little time longer, and Mr. Petherick's last words as they rose to go on to Lady Ferndale's were—

"I think you are two very foolish—and happy—young persons, and I'm going to do the best I can for you in spite of yourselves. The least the earl can do if we relinquish all this money without a fight is to hand back a portion of it; he can very well spare it, confound him! What do you think, Mr. Burne?"

"I don't know, sir," said Cyril, shaking his head gravely. "From my short experience I'm inclined to think that men are not so ready to hand back any coin; but we'll hope for the best. You will let us know, Mr. Petherick, directly the earl turns up?"

"Yes, I will," said the old gentleman with a kind of grunt; he was getting rather tired of the hunt for the young peer, and rather inclined to consider that a man who kept out of reach of an earldom did not deserve to be sought for.

But all the same, he meant finding him, and one of the first pieces of business he transacted with the young earl he resolved should be to gain the best terms he could for the beautiful girl who was no longer an earl's daughter and the mistress of half a million.

* * * * * *

There was another delicious drive to Lady Ferndale's house, during which the two "foolish—but happy—young persons" discussed the situation in all its bearings.

If anything could have increased Norah's love for Cyril, his indifference to the loss of her fortune, and his cheerful assent to the surrender of it without a struggle, would have done so.

To her he seemed the very type of all that was noble in man, and Cyril felt extremely uncomfortable as she nestled against him and whispered her praise in his ears.

"What on earth will she say when she learns the truth?" he thought.

They reached the Ferndales' house and were shown into the drawing-room, and in a minute or two Norah was in her friend's arms.

"My dear Norah! Why, what has brought you up to London so unexpectedly? And Mr. Burne, too!"

Then she smiled and held out her hand to Cyril.

"I suppose I've got to congratulate you, Mr. Burne?"

"Yes, Lady Ferndale, Norah has consented to make me the happiest of men."

"And you've come to tell me," she said. "Now, that is what I call really good and kind. Come and sit down—what is the matter?" she broke off, for Norah clung to her and began to cry quietly.

"You tell her," she said to Cyril.

It was comparatively easy to tell Mr. Petherick, but Lady Ferndale was quite another person.

Cyril unfolded the strange story, and Lady Ferndale listened with scarcely an interruption; then she drew Norah's head down to her own bosom and stroked the soft bronze hair.

"If I were to say that I'm not surprised, Mr. Burne, would you believe me?" she said at last. "But it is true! I can't say I actually suspected that Norah was not the daughter of the earl and countess, but I can say that I am not astonished. From the first moment I saw her, her unlikeness to the earl and the Arrowdale family struck me, and I remarked upon it to him. Will it be very wicked to say that I am—am rather glad? Oh, wait though, there is all that money."

"Or rather there was," said Norah "it has all gone now."

Lady Ferndale looked rather grave.

"I can't say that I am pleased at that, she said. "But perhaps the earl will——"

"Why should he?" said Norah, smiling. "I am no relation of his, dear Lady Ferndale. And indeed, indeed, we don't want any of the money!" and she glanced shyly at Cyril, who hastened to corroborate.

"We don't want a penny, I assure you, Lady Ferndale," he said. "The earl may keep it all for what we care; eh, Norah? All I want is Norah."

Lady Ferndale smiled.

"He seems a very bold young man, dear," she whispered to Norah.

"And we have come to ask you if you think we could be married in four days."

Lady Ferndale almost jumped.

"It is impossible!" murmured Norah. "Tell him so!"

"Good gracious me, why do you want to get married so quickly?" exclaimed Lady Ferndale.

"He will not give me the reason," said Norah, blushing.

"Because I can't," said Cyril almost bluntly. "But, I'll tell you what I will do. I will tell Lady Ferndale, and if she agrees with me that the reason is good enough, will you consent?"

"As I'm sure she will not—yes," said Norah.

"Very well then," said Lady Ferndale, very much amused and puzzled. "Now, you go upstairs—of course you'll remain with us, I'm going to send to that hotel for your luggage directly—and Mr. Burne shall persuade me, if he can, that there is any rhyme or reason in his absurd proposal."

Norah left the room, and Cyril sprang the truth upon Lady Ferndale as if it had been a bombshell.

"You see, Lady Ferndale," he said with a half smile, I'm Lord Arrowdale, and I naturally want to marry Norah before she learns who I am."

Lady Ferndale did jump this time.

"You—you are——" Then she burst out laughing. "Well, of all the stupid people I have been the stupidest. I told Norah the first time I saw you—you remember the day she and I were driving together?—I told her that I was certain I had seen your face before; and so I had, or something very like it, in the portrait gallery at the Court! And so you are the new earl! And you have been hiding it from her, and from all of us, all this time! And it's to you all this money of the poor girl's will go!"

"Just for a day or two," he said with a smile. "I am going to make it over as a deed of gift to her, of course."

"Of course! said Lady Ferndale. "And what you are afraid of is——"

"That Norah's pride, if she learns who and what I am, will be aroused, and she may put all sorts of obstacles in the way of our marriage. And I can't run even the slightest risk of that, Lady Ferndale," he said with a shake of the head. "So if you'll please to regard me as Cyril Burne, the not altogether unsuccessful artist, and let her continue to so regard me, I think she will marry me out of hand."

"Well, I think she will," admitted Lady Ferndale with a native smile. "But," she said with sudden gravity, "have you thought of what the world will say when it hears that you and she have married so soon after the death of the late earl, your uncle, and her supposed father? Have you thought of that, Mr. Burne?"

"No, I haven't," he said quietly and coolly. "You see, since we met yesterday, and—and were reconciled, I have not had time to think of anything, or anybody, but herself; but if you'll stand by me and get her to consent, I don't care one brass farthing what the world says," and as he confronted Lady Ferndale his face lit up with a smile which won that lady's heart over to his side in a moment.

"You shall have her, Mr. Burne—Lord Arrowdale—oh, dear!"

"Mr. Burne, please!" he said, laughing warningly.

So it happened that when Norah came in and going up to Lady Ferndale said, with downcast face—

"Well, dear, have you explained to him how impossible it is?"

Lady Ferndale replied demurely—

"Mr. Burne has convinced me that the marriage should take place within the week, dear, and I've promised him it shall!" and to Norah's little cry of dismay she vouchsafed nothing but a laugh.

It was useless for Norah to attempt to argue or protest. She was one against three, for Jack, to whom she appealed to help her fight against Lady Ferndale and Cyril, basely deserted her and went over to the enemy, and at last Norah gave in, only stipulating that the wedding should be as quiet as it could legally be.

"We'll be married in the coal cellar and swear the clergyman to secrecy if you like," said Cyril. "As for me, I can dispense with bridesmaids and best man—no, I can't, I must have Jack; but I'll let the cake and the cards go."

"And I must have the cake," said Lady Ferndale. "And now, Mr. Burne, as Norah and I will have to work really hard for the next few day I shall be glad if you will go down to your club, and—stay there as much as you can. Stop, though," she added suddenly, as if something had occurred to her; "now I think of it Norah will have to do some shopping, and if you will promise to bring her back to dinner you shall go with her. I'll give you till dinner time."

A more delightful proposal for both of the infatuated young persons she could not have made, and very soon they had gone off in one of Norah's beloved hansoms.

Then Lady Ferndale sat herself down in the drawing-room and waited for something she expected.

Half an hour afterwards Mr. Petherick was announced. He was not the visitor she had been expecting, but she was at home to him, and the old lawyer in a state of suppressed excitement began at once on the all-engrossing topic.

"Lady Norah—I mean Miss Norah," he said, "of course she has told you what has occurred, Lady Ferndale?" he said. "You know everything?"

"Yes," she responded, adding mentally, as she thought of Cyril's identity, which Mr. Petherick was yet ignorant of, "and more than you know."

"I—er—I'm glad to be able to discuss the matter with you without reserve," he went on. "Of course, you know that she is engaged to Mr. Burne?"

"And that they are to be married immediately," said Lady Ferndale.

"Yes, yes. Dear me!" he said. "Well, I can't say I disapprove. Of course, I've no voice in the matter, no right to express an opinion; the young lady is no longer the late earl's daughter, and—they are to be married immediately?"

"It is to be kept a profound secret; I mean really a secret, not an open one which everyone may know."

"Yes, yes," he nodded; "and I—er—think it is well. I've a high opinion of Mr. Burne, and I've been making some inquiries. Of course if she had been Lady North still he would not be at all a suitable match, but as it is——"

"As she is absolutely penniless, poor girl," said Lady Ferndale with a smile, "and they are ridiculously in love with each other——"

"Yes, yes, I understand, and I hope—I hope with all my heart they will be as happy as even you and I could wish them. But now, Lady Ferndale, I must tell you my other reason for calling on you at this unusually early hour. I have had a visitor this morning; in fact he has only just left my office."

"Yes?" said Lady Ferndale demurely. "May I guess?" It is Mr. Guildford Berton, is it not?"

"You are right, and—ahem—I must say his visit was an extremely trying one for me. It is very hard, Lady Ferndale, when one knows a man to be a scoundrel, to refrain from telling him so, and—er—requesting him to leave one's presence."

"Oh, I do hope you did't tell him!" she exclaimed with dismay.

"Well—er—no, I didn't; I kept my temper and—temporized. Of course, he came to inquire after Lady—I mean Miss—Norah."

"Of course."

"My dear lady, I never saw a man so altered in so short a time. If I had not known from Miss Norah's story that the fellow was a villain, I think I could have pitied him. He looks—well ten years older, and though he maintained his usual command over himself I could see that he only succeeded by an effort simply—simply —superhuman."

"And you told him?"

"That I didn't know where Lady Norah was which I did not at that moment," he said, with a faint blush. "It was literally true, Lady Ferndale, though scarcely substantially so, eh?"

Lady Ferndale smiled at this.

"What will he do next?"

"Come here," he replied promptly. "He will naturally conclude that she has taken refuge with you, and will, I fear, come on here and demand to see her."

"I shall be quite prepared for him," said Lady Ferndale. "You think I am able to protect the dear girl even from such a clever scoundrel as Mr. Guildford Berton, Mr. Petherick?"

"I think you are capable of protecting her from the whole world, my dear lady," he responded, looking at the resolute little face; "and that being so I'll take my leave, only assuring you that if I can be of the slightest service to dear Miss Norah or Mr. Cyril Burne or yourself, you may command me," and he made his old-fashioned bow.

"And you haven't found the young earl, Mr. Petherick?" she said demurely.

The old man almost groaned, and uttered an exclamation of annoyance.

"My dear countess," he said, "the mere mention of that young man is—is—er—distressing to me. Where he can be hiding I cannot imagine. And when I think that all the money has fallen into his lap, in addition to the title and the estates, and that he obstinately refuses to declare himself, I feel—well, I don't think I can attempt to express my sentiments. I only know this: that, notwithstanding Lady Norah's relinquishment of the money which the earl left to her, thinking her to be his daughter, I mean to make some sort of terms with the young earl, and if he doesn't act generously and liberally—well, I shall make bold to show fight, despite Lady Norah's instructions. There are times when a lawyer must consider his client's interests, even though he disregard that client's wishes."

Lady Ferndale still sat and waited, and presently the footman announced Mr.

Guildford Berton.

The light fell full upon his face as he entered, and though Lady Ferndale had been somewhat prepared for the change in his appearance, she could scarcely suppress a start.

He was ordinarily pale, but the whiteness of his face that morning was ghastly in its density; there were dark hollows under his eyes, and his mouth had the drawn appearance of a man who has spent long hours of sleeplessness and harassment. But he smiled the old smile as he made his bow and took the seat to which Lady Ferndale motioned him.

He had gone to the Court on the preceding evening, and had got Norah's note, and it had deceived him, as she had intended, until later on, when, as he sat in his gloomy room haunted by the ghost of Becca, the truth flashed upon him. He seized his hat and dashed to the Court, saw Harman, and learnt that Norah had fled—she had escaped him!

It was too late to start in pursuit that night; he spent the hours pacing the silent room, tearing at his nails and watching the clock, and had caught the early train and gone straight to Mr. Petherick, and failing to get anything out of the cautious old lawyer had come on to Lady Ferndale's, knowing that it would be to her that Norah would naturally think of flying for refuge.

He had expected to be informed that Lady Ferndale declined to see him, and was surprised at being admitted, and still more surprised at her apparently friendly reception of him, but he took care that his astonishment should not be visible in his countenance.

"Of course, you know why I have come, Lady Ferndale?" he said, still smiling, his eyes downcast. "Lady Norah has been here?"

"Oh, yes," she said blandly.

She saw him covertly draw a breath of relief, and listen intently for the sound of Norah's voice or footstep.

"I am so glad!" he said. "And has she told you why—why she so suddenly left the Court?"

Lady Ferndale smiled.

"You know Norah, Mr. Berton," she said. "Judge for yourself. She is reserve itself."

He drew another breath of relief.

"I am very anxious about her," he said. "Can I see her? I need scarcely tell you what you must have discovered for yourself, that I love her—have loved her——"

"Yes, I know that," said Lady Ferndale quietly. "She is out at present, and if you ask me whether it would be well for you to see her, I must tell you as a—a friend"—the poor countess, much as she desired to fight Mr. Berton with some of his own weapons, hesitated at this piece of duplicity—"as a friend that it would be very unwise."

"But you do not know all," he said with sudden vehemence, which he suddenly checked, his hands closing tightly on the brim of his hat.

"Perhaps not," she assented.

"I cannot lose her, Lady Ferndale. My life is wrapped up in her, all my hopes of happiness are set on the chance of gaining her for my wife. I am not worthy of her——"

Lady Ferndale had hard work to keep silent.

"And—and I must find her."

"If you persist in seeking her you will be sorry for it," she said quietly. "Norah has been greatly tried lately. Her father's death"—again she mentally breathed a hope of pardon for the white lie—and your unexpected avowal have tried her nerves. "Will you take my advice, Mr. Berton?"

"Please let me hear it," he said in a low voice.

"It is this—go back to Santleigh and wait patiently——"

His raised his eyes, and a smile, sinister, incredulous, curved his lips.

"Wait patiently till—what?" he said, between his teeth.

"Till she comes back," she said.

He repeated the words.

"You think she will come back?" he asked hoarsely.

"I don't only think so, I am sure of it," she said, with quiet conviction. "I'll go further, Mr. Berton, and promise you that she will come back, and to the Court!"

He looked at her, his eyes glittering like spots of fire in their intensity. She met his scrutiny unflinchingly.

"Are you satisfied?"

He rose at once.

"I am satisfied; I will trust you," he said.

"I will go back and wait. Will you tell her"—he paused, and then went on deliberately—"that I am patient and silent as—death, Lady Ferndale?"

"I will tell her," she said.

"Patient and silent," he repeated.

When he reached the door he hesitated, and stood listening for a moment, then with a low bow went out, and Lady Ferndale dropped back in the chair, and covering her eyes with her hand indulged in the shudder which she had been repressing during the whole of the interview.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE day of the wedding arrived. Since the morning when Lady Ferndale had declared herself in favor of the speedy marriage, Norah had seemed to be living in a dream; and even now as she stood holding her friend's hand as they waited for the carriage to take them to the quiet church of St. Cuthbert's, which lies hidden away in the sereenest and most placid corner in Tyburnia, she could scarcely realize that within an hour she would be Cyril's wife.

Up to now the secret had been well kept, the greatest danger to it being Lord Ferndale's difficulty in refraining from addressing Cyril as "Arrowdale," and Lady Ferndale declared that she had never been on such tenter hooks in her life as she was whenever the two men met in the presence of Norah. She had, too, a wholesome dread of Mr. Petherick.

"He will be sure to find it out," she assured Cyril. "He will want to see the license or catch your real name during the service, and then there will be a scene!"

But Jack, who appeared to find a singular delight in managing the whole affair, hit upon a plan for disposing of the old lawyer, and two days before that fixed for the wedding had persuaded him to go down to Santleigh.

"It seems to me, sir," he said gravely, "that the place ought not to be left entirely to the care of the servants. Supposing the young earl were to turn up there suddenly. Someone ought to be there to receive him; besides, you can't tell what may be going on there, or what mischief that very nice young man, Mr. Guildford Berton, may be up to."

"Good gracious me, yes," said Mr. Petherick; "but—but, I wanted to be at Miss Norah's wedding, Mr. Wesley; in fact I—I think she would wish me to be present."

"Yes, no doubt, but Miss Norah has such a lofty idea of duty, don't you know, that I fancy she would rather miss you at the wedding than have you neglect the young earl's interest.

And after a little more persuasion the old gentleman came and explained matters to Norah and presented her with a remarkably handsome bracelet, and started for Santleigh.

"We mustn't disappoint him Cyril," said Jack with a smile as they watched the train off. "Suppose you write him a line as from the earl, you know, requesting him to kindly remain at Santleigh until you return."

Cyril caught at the idea at once, and nothing could describe Mr. Petherick's astonishment when, on the morning after his arrival, he received the following:—

"The Earl of Arrowdale will be extremely obliged if Mr. Petherick will kindly remain at Santleigh until the earl's arrival, which he trusts will be very shortly. Mr. Petherick will oblige the earl by considering this request as strictly confidential."

Having got rid of the too acute Mr. Petherick, Jack felt much easier in his mind, and able to regard the coming event with "calmness and fortitude," as he put it.

As for Cyril, he scarcely knew whether he was on his head or his heels, and spent the time which was not passed in the company of his bride elect, walking round and round Regent street and Bond street buying presents for her and Lady Ferndale.

"I don't like to make the really too dreadful remark, 'Happy is the bride the sun shines on,' Cyril," said Jack, as they stood at the window tugging on their lavender gloves, and waiting for the hansom which was to convey them to St. Cuthbert's, "but I must say I'm very glad the sun does shine. A wedding is only one degree less mournful than a funeral at the best of times and weather, and if it had rained to-day I should have been reduced to tears. As it is, the spectacle of your nervous disquietude has played havoc with my own nervous system, and much as I love you both I shall not be at all sorry when you drive off this afternoon. Is that the second or third pair of gloves you have utterly ruined?"

Cyril laughed nervously as he flung the torn gloves away and started on a fresh pair.

"I suppose most men are nervous when they are about to be married," he said. "Is that the hansom; I'm sure I heard wheels?—but I don't fancy many men are married under such circumstances. All last night I lay awake torturing myself with the fear that Norah would discover the trick we are playing this morning and decline to go to the church. Even now I shan't know a moment's easiness until the ceremony is over."

"That's generally when a man's unnaturalness begins," said Jack dryly. "Don't be alarmed. Besides myself and Lord and Lady Ferndale, only the clergyman knows that you are an awful swell instead of a poor devil of an artist, and the clergyman quite enters into the fun of the thing, I assure you!"

"The fun!" groaned Cyril.

Jack laughed.

"Well, it's fun to us, if it's death to you. Seriously, my dear fellow, I should like to see Miss Norah's face when you reveal yourself. What will you do? strike an attitude and exclaim, 'Behold! I am the long-lost Earl of Arrowdale!'"

Cyril flushed.

"You will have an opportunity of witnessing the scene," he said quietly. "Remember, I have your promise. You and the Ferndales will be at the Court in ten days from now—that's Thursday week!"

"Oh, yes," said Jack, "that's understood."

"Very well. Till then I am Cyril Burne." He suppressed a sigh. "Jack, I wish you were the earl, confound it! You'd make a much better peer than I shall."

Jack Wesley laughed cynically.

"Miss Norah wouldn't think so," he retorted. "My dear boy, don't repine. We must all bear our lot cheerfully, whatever it may be. I sympathize with you deeply, deeply; it must be so trying to be an earl with over so many thousands a year; but you must bear your heavy trouble like a man, you know. And here's the hansom at last."

Cyril hurrried to the door as if he were going to catch a train and hadn't a minute to lose; then he stopped short and thrust his hand into the breast-pocket of his beautiful-fitting frock coat.

"What's the matter? Palpitation of the heart?" demanded Jack.

"No," said Cyril, gravely pulling out a long blue envelope. "I was wondering whether I had forgotten this," and he tapped it significantly.

"Oh, that's all right. What you'll forget will be the ring——"

"No, I shan't," retorted Cyril, and he took it gingerly from his waistcoat pocket. "Come along, come along."

"Certainly, but allow me to lock the door. Are you afraid the church will run away, or that Miss Norah may change her mind?"

The church was standing in its secluded corner, and Norah had not changed her mind, for after Cyril had been pacing up and down the small vestry for ten minutes, while Jack had been chatting with the clergymen—a young curate who really did seem to enjoy the fun of this strange marriage—Lord and Lady Ferndale arrived with the bride.

Cyril—and perhaps Jack too—thought she had never looked more lovely than she did in her simple dress of quiet gray, her glorious eyes downcast, her lips just parted by the quick breaths of mingled joy and shyness.

For herself she still felt as if she were moving in some strange, delicious dream, and it was with a start she heard the young curate murmur softly "Are we ready?"

Then Cyril and Jack walked up to the altar, and Lord Ferndale drew her arm within his and followed.

There were no other witnesses than these dear and true friends, excepting the inevitable pew-opener. Norah felt as if the throbbing of her heart could be heard all over the little church.

In his soft, suave voice the curate performed the ceremony: she felt Cyril's dear hand clasp hers as he slipped the "plain ring of gold," upon her finger, then leaning upon his arm they led the way back to the vestry.

"My wife!" she heard Cyril murmur in her ear, and as she raised her eyes to his shyly, he bent his head to kiss her. But Lord Ferndale put a hand upon his arm quickly.

"Excuse me," he said, "but I think you are trespassing upon my privilege!" and Norah, blushing and smiling, presented her cheek to him.

"That's my reward for giving her away," said Lord Ferndale, kissing her hand also. "God bless you, my dear, and make you have chosen as happy as we all wish you!"

While this pretty little ceremony had been enacting, the curate had been getting out of his surplice and filling in the certificate.

"I have dispensed with my clerk's services this morning," he said, making a great fuss with the blotting paper. "Now—er—Mr. Burne, will you sign, please?"

Cyril wrote his name.

"Wilfred Avon Cyril, Earl of Arrowdale," and the curate covered it quickly with the blotting paper as he turned to Norah.

"Here if you please, my lady," he said, then stammered and turned red. But Norah did not notice his confusion, or if she had done so, would have attributed it to his having addressed her by the title she had borne, and bending down wrote her own name.

The curate folded the certificate two or three times.

"Will you—er——" he said, addressing Norah, but looking at Cyril.

"Give it to me," he said, quietly, but with downcast eyes. "I have some papers of importance here; I'll put it with them. It will be sure not to be lost then," and he took the envelope from his pocket, enclosed the certificate, and fastened the envelope securely.

As he did so he drew a breath of relief and glanced at Jack, who smiled significantly and softly clapped his hands.

Then they went back to the carriage and were rattled off to Grosvenor Square, where what Lady Ferndale called "an apology" for a wedding breakfast awaited them.

It was certainly not a large party, but what they lacked numbers they made up in happiness.

The newly-married pair were naturally too intent upon each other to need much merriment, but though they did not need it Jack had got a fair supply on hand, and for the first time in his life forgot to be cynical, and was content to be genial and amusing; and, as Lord Ferndale remarked afterwards, displayed such a vast talent for entertaining that he might have made a fortune on the stage if he had not been in a fair way to make it as a poet.

Indeed the breakfast could not have been a greater success if there had been half a hundred guests, with the usual complement of bridesmaids and the stock speeches.

All through the meal Lord Ferndale had kept watch and guard over his tongue, and it was not until Cyril had glanced at his watch and said that time was getting short that he said with a mischievous twinkle in his eye—

"I suppose you won't take a very long holiday, Mr. Burne? You'll be wanting to get back to work, eh?"

And Cyril had, with a marked increase of color, murmured something inaudible, and hurried Norah out of the room. She and Lady Ferndale disappeared together for half an hour, and then they came down, Norah attired in the travelling dress and a set of sables which Lady Ferndale had produced at the last moment. Both women were rather red about the eyes, and Norah clung to her friend until the last moment, when Cyril, standing beside the cab door, held Jack's and Lord Ferndale's hands, and whispered—

"Remember! The Court, Thursday week."

Then Norah tore herself away, Cyril put her gently and tenderly into the cab, and Jack and Lord Ferndale having flung a handful of rice over their nice clothes, they drove off, Norah leaning forward and waving her hand until the cab turned the corner and carried them out of sight.

"Well," said Lord Ferndale with a smile and a sigh. "There goes the prettiest and sweetest girl in Christendom!"

"And the best and warmest hearted man!" responded Jack, loyally.

"God bless them both," said Lady Ferndale with a sob, and she ran in and up to her own room that she might enjoy the "good cry" she had fully deserved.

The two men went to the smoking-room, and mixed themselves a weak and brandy, and talked over the strange history of the young couple and the surprise which awaited one of them; but presently Jack grew very silent and thoughtful, and Lord Ferndale, noticing it, said—

"A penny for your thoughts, Wesley."

Jack raised his head, and there was a grave earnestness on his handsome, intellectual face.

"A penny for my thoughts? You shall have them for nothing. But, stop, I'll give you a guess."

"You weren't thinking of the young people—your face was too grave for that," said Lord Ferndale. "Let me see. Were you thinking of Guildford Berton?"

"Well, yes, partly," said Jack. "To tell you the truth I was thinking of someone else. I was wondering at the moment where that young girl Cyril was supposed to have run off with could be. The question that bothers me is: 'Where is Becca South?'"

"Becca South!" said Lord Ferndale. "Ah, yes. Hidden away somewhere, I suppose. Perhaps here in London—and quite near us. I'll be bound," and he smiled, "that fellow Guildford Berton knows."

"Yes," said Jack grimly, as he lit another cigar. "Yes, I think Mr. Guildford Berton knows."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE BEE AND THE LILY.

BY RITA.

The bee that in yon lily rare
But lately passed, on merry quest,
Now, with the blossom's nectar blest,
Like winged Love keeps revel there—
Like Love within a maiden's breast.
Will he the heart so yielding wound,
That honey-bee with favor crowned,
As Love doth oft where he is guest?

Up a Ladder.

BY MRS. H. L. CAMERON.

THERE was a certain young man who toiled for his daily bread, "from ten to four," as the satirist hath it, in the offices of that most august institution the Foreign Office, to whom the blessed season which poets and moralists have alike immortalized appeared to be too severe a trial to be endured in the accustomed fashion. And because he was young, and therefore both obstinate and selfish, as many young persons are wont to be, he made up his mind that he would not do as others of his kind did, and as he himself had hitherto been accustomed to do, i. e., return to the bosom of his expectant family for the Christmas vacation, but would shut himself up in his lodgings for the four days of enforced idleness, read yellow French novels, smoke immoderately pipes, go to pantomimes, and dine in peace and solitary grandeur off roast mutton and devilled kidneys (if so he listed) every night of festive season, at his club.

Ernest Redforth, such was this misguided youth's name (he was only two-and-twenty years of age, or he might have known better than to have flown thus in the face of decorum and propriety), was so convinced of the practicability as well as the wisdom of this resolution, that when the jovial festival drew appreciably near, he sat down and wrote to his old mother in Hampshire, and informed her that he was going to stay in town for Christmas this year.

"For what is the good of going home to be insufferably bored!" he argued with himself, as he folded up and directed his letter with a gay and jaunty air. "The governor is always as cross as two sticks, the mater has poor people's blankets and flannel petticoats on the brain, the girls are church-decorating and flirting with the curate from morning till night, this frost won't give for a month, so no chance of a day's hunting, and now the governor has let all the shooting there's not a single thing a fellow can do. I should only moon about and wish myself in town, and out of all the humbug that goes on about merry Christmases and family effusion! I'll stop where I am."

But he reckoned without his host. By return of post came such a pile of letters as he had never received before in one day from the parental roof.

They were pitched in every possible and conceivable key. An er, reproach, entreaty! Everything that was possible to be said by pens upon paper, was poured forth upon him by his excited relatives. How could he be so heartless and unnatural? they wrote.

How desert them thus cruelly at the one time of all the year which it most behoves all families to cling together? What would their Christmas be without him?—a yawning blank! What might not have happened to scatter the family between this Christmas and the next?—who could tell! How would he feel if his aged parents were to be by then mouldering in the family vault?—the most harrowing repentance! Would he ever be able to forgive himself again? &c., &c., &c.

And so the end of it was that poor Ernest had to give up his little dream of peace and pleasantness, and to knock under, as many a better man has done before him, to the exigencies of that British Juggernaut of fate to which most of us are doomed more or less to succumb—the Christmas family gathering.

He groaned a good deal over his defeat, but when the day arrived he packed his portmanteau, putting up the presents he had thought himself bound to come armed with—a *pate de foie gras* for his father, a sealskin bag for his mother, and sundry lesser gifts for his sisters—upon which, he told himself, he need never have spent his hard earned money unless it had been this cruel, exacting, all-absorbing season; and he went down meekly and in profoundest melancholy by an afternoon train to the small station of Fossett in Hampshire.

Now this is not a tale with a moral intended to extol virtue and to vilify any departure from the beaten tracks of duty and of goodness; very far from it.

And yet in regard to what befell Ernest Redforth in consequence of his dutiful arrival amongst his affectionate relations upon that particular Christmas, a moral might very be drawn that would fitly serve as an incentive to all other light-minded gentlemen such as he, to do what is considered the right thing upon the 25th day of December, rather than that which in the bottom of their unregenerate hearts they prefer to do.

There was nothing new or out of the common going on at Fossett Hall when the only son and heir of the house made his appearance at the front door of it.

His mother, as he had foreseen, was cutting out coarse flannel into shirts and petticoats, and tying them up into bundles for her pet poor people; his father appeared in the doorway of his study with a handful of bills in his left hand, and in his face a reflection of the consternation with which he had been docketing and auditing the family expenditure; and presently his sisters, little drab-colored women, who had outgrown their youth, but were still called "the girls" by force of habit, came in from the church hard by, with stained hands smelling of laurel leaves and torn with holly thorns, to welcome him.

They were all very glad to see him, and made an affectionate fuss over him, as good parents and sisters are wont to do over the nice-looking young son of the house, and they magnanimously forbore to cast it in his teeth that he had not wanted to come, which was to say the least, highly creditable to them.

But when the little fuss had subsided, and his father had gone back to his bills, his mother to her flannel, and his sisters to the church-decorations, then Ernest began to feel that he had nothing on earth to do at home, and that he really would have been much happier by himself up in town.

Fossett Hall was a comfortable old house, but there were no evidences of wealth about it. In these days squires are not rich men, and Mr. Redforth had hard work to keep up his property at all upon falling rents and bad harvests.

He had let off all the shooting, and had had to take many of the farms at a great loss into his own hands.

There were no horses to speak of in the large roomy stables where Ernest betook himself with a pipe soon after his arrival; only the two fat carriage horses, the pony that went to the station, and an old hunter which did all sorts of odd jobs, and had only not been sold because he was very old and what is called "dickey" upon his fore-legs—had been blistered and fired, and was slightly touched in the wind into the bargain.

He had been a fine horse once, and could do an easy day after the hounds now and again still, but the frost was a foot deep in the ground now, and no chance even of this solace for our friend Ernest.

Presently, for want of something to do, he strolled down to the church, thinking he would see how his sisters were getting on, and whether Ellen, the youngest and most companionable of the three, would feel disposed to leave her pious labors and come for a little walk with him instead.

He walked in at the open church door unnoticed. It was an ugly whitewashed structure, with heavy galleries running between the round Norman pillars, and great dark oaken beams, stained and blackened with age, reaching across the roof. A church that might with care and money have been restored into something handsome and interesting, but that in its neglected condition was a marvel of unmitigated ugliness.

At present it was not only ugly, but desperately untidy. Great heaps of evergreens obstructed the aisle, trails of half-finished wreaths, yards of scarlet flannel flecked with cotton wool texts, imperfectly put together, holly berries gummed into sacred devices, and everlastings tied up into bundles, were laid along the passage up the nave, or piled in wildest confusion in most of the pews.

In addition, there were no less than four ladders erected in different parts of the "sacred edifice," upon which four petticoated beings were perched in proximity to the oaken rafters of the roof, to which they seemed engaged in attaching long trailing ropes of laurel and of yew.

Voices, by no means subdued or reverential, echoed though the empty church, which, in the twilight of the short winter day, was already beginning to be filled with dimness and with gloom.

Ernest could catch a glimpse of his eldest sister's crimson skirts and woollen stockings exalted high above the pulpit; Mary, the second, was clutching wildly round the capital of a pillar half way down the aisle; whilst Ellen was clambering insecurely on her hands and knees upon a window ledge.

"Give us the nails a minute, please."

"Mr. Fenton, a bit more rope if you can find it!"

"Oh! Mr. Fenton, would you mind reaching the end of that text for me? Not the 'Unto us' end, the 'Hallelujah' end, please."

The unhappy Mr. Fenton was run off his legs; he was a meek fair-faced young curate, with a timid nature and weak eyes; but such as he was, he was much at the beck and call of the squire's daughters, for "a curate is a curate for all that," and unmarried men were rare indeed in the parish of Fossett.

Everybody was far too busy to take the slightest notice of Ernest. He stood leaning against a pillar near the door, upon the further side of which a ladder was propped up, and surveyed half enviously the busy scene before him.

Some of the school children and the verger were sorting and arranging the evergreens near the front, and Mr. Fenton ran about handing things to the young ladies; he never could go up ladders himself, it made him giddy, but he was very useful to fetch and carry.

"It's getting darker every minute," said Georgina Redforth, in the distance; "we shan't be able to do much more to day."

"You might fetch a candle, Mr. Fenton," suggested Ellen; she spoke mumblingly because her mouth was full of tintacks.

"I will, Miss Ellen; there is one in the vestry," replied the meek one, hurrying off to do her behest.

Just then, immediately above Ernest's head, there came the sound of a soft voice that seemed to descend out of the vague darkness of the old oaken rafters, and like an angelic whisper to float downwards towards the young man beneath.

"Is that you, Mr. Fenton?" murmured the silvery voice of the invisible angel in the roof. "Will you very kindly hand me up that small hammer that is lying on that seat? There, close to your hand it is!"

Ernest was groping about in the semi-darkness for the hammer and marvelling—whose was this silver-tongued voice? No Redforth maiden who ever drew breath had such a voice as that! Having found the hammer he peered upwards, and in the gloom above him he could just discern a dark mass, like unto a female form, clad in black, out of which a white face seemed to gleam, moon-like and mysterious.

Three spirits straightway took possession of our friend Ernest—a spirit of curiosity, a spirit of adventure, and a spirit of mischief—and entering into the tabernacle of his soul, these three spirits straightway proceeded to make themselves very much at home there.

He uttered no disclaimer as to his identity with the Rev. Cyrus Fenton. He uttered no words at all in fact; he simply picked up the hammer and went up the ladder.

When he got near the top he came upon soft woollen skirts and found himself in close proximity to an oval face, which seemed to be framed in by a line of dazzling white.

He could not see her features, for it was much darker amongst the wooden rafters even than it was below, but he could see that narrow line of white that seemed to make a setting to the shadowy face above him.

What was she? A hospital nurse in the regulation cap? or a charity girl in a cottage bonnet? He was certain that she was neither! He was certain that she was a lady, not only by the sweet tones of the silvery voice that had spoken, but also now he was near to her, by a certain subtle and fragrant aroma which lingers like the odor of lilies and roses about the personality of a woman who is young and refined and delicately bred.

When he got close to her he put the hammer into her outstretched hand, and then he made a movement as though he would have descended, when the voice above him spoke again; this time nearly in a whisper.

"Don't go, Mr. Fenton. I have something to say to you."

Ernest ought of course to have spoken up at this juncture, but the three spirits aforementioned being still employed in holding high jinks within him, he said nothing at all, but stopped where he was.

"Do you know, I have thought a great deal about what you said to me yesterday, and I think you were perfectly right."

Here she paused, and Ernest feeling that some answer expected of him, and realising that whether it were for good or for evil he could not now retire from the situation, murmured in a choked whisper of which the tones were almost indistinguishable:

"Do you think so?"

"Yes, I do really. But I don't want you to think more of my words than I mean. It was quite right of you to tell me that I ought to do some good in the world, and I have made up my mind I will do so. I will visit the poor or nurse the sick—or—or do anything you can suggest to me to be useful.

"I did not mean at all to deny your right as a clergyman to point out this to me when I told you that I could not marry you. I was angry at the time, but I am sorry I spoke so hardly. I am sure there must be other ways of doing good in the world than marriage, even with a clergyman!"

By this time Ernest wished himself at the bottom of the ladder again, and those three rampant little fiends who had led him into this awkward situation perished and died of shame and inanition without him.

His only desire now was to run away. He dared not disclose himself; he dared not point out the faint gleam of the curate's spectacles as they glittered in the light of the tallow candle far away in the distant chancel.

He dared not utter a sound indeed, so fearful was he of betraying himself to Mr. Fenton's lady love! He did not wish to listen to any more of the lady's outpourings of heart, and yet how on earth was he to get away!

He went down two rungs of the ladder, and then the voice of the angel arrested him once more.

"Wait!" she said, and he waited obediently.

There was something in the ring of that voice that began to produce odd effects upon him; he crept up the ladder again.

There was a waft of perfume in the very atmosphere that surrounded her. She bent towards him and he could almost have touched the dusky locks of her scented hair.

She was young and she was beautiful. He could not see it, but he could have sworn it.

"I have something I wanted to give you. You have been kind to me in a place where I was a stranger—and—and I fear I have not treated you very well, and I wanted you to keep this as a little remembrance of me. I give it to you because I have been in the habit of wearing it, and because I think you will like it all the better for that. How dark it is! I cannot see a bit; hold out your hand."

And then a terrible thing happened. Whether the ladder with its double weight had slightly shifted, or whether the lady reached out too far and overbalanced herself, it will never rightly be known.

But of a sudden there was a crash and a cry, and down came that ladder to the floor with a great thump, whilst the two persons who had been at the top of it remained suspended, struggling, clinging on to the fortunately very firmly attached rope which was fastened to the beam above their heads.

It sounds perhaps worse than it really was, for the distance was not immense and the rope hung down almost into the organ gallery.

Mr reover Ernest, who was young and agile, had caught firm hold of the young lady's waist with one arm.

"Don't be frightened, I have got you," he said, and then he swung the rope, himself and his fair burden—even at that moment he noticed how slight and lissom was the figure that clung to him—very dexterously into the organ gallery, where they both dropped about a couple of feet into an empty pew, a little bit breathless but otherwise quite unhurt.

"You have saved my life!" cried the lady a little hysterically.

"Fiddlesticks!" replied the gentleman, quite forgetting his assumed character and speaking in his natural voice.

A moment of silence. "I had no idea you were so active—and so clever! It was all my fault. I bent too much over! and you might have been hurt too, Mr. Fenton!—but for your own presence of mind which saved us both."

"Oh, it was nothing."

"But it was. And—now more than ever I wish to give you this—it will prove to you my gratitude." And she pressed something into his hand—he hardly knew what.

There was—if he did not wish to be ignominiously discovered—no time to be lost. The noise of the falling ladder had alarmed the Misses Redforth and the curate in the chancel, where they had been putting the finishing touches to the east end.

"What has happened? What was that noise? Is anybody hurt?" he heard them

ery as they came hurrying down the nave.

Without a word Ernest turned and fled, down the gallery stairs, out at the west end door of the church and home to Fossett Hall as fast as his legs would carry him down the dark road.

And it was thus left to Mr. Fenton who came running up into the gallery with the three girls, to explain that he had been in the chancel for the last ten minutes, and that therefore he was not the gentleman who had stood on the ladder with her when it had toppled over, who had cleverly saved her neck and his own by swinging her safely into the gallery.

Nor, finally, was he the individual upon whom she had just generously bestowed the handsomest of her diamond rings!

Being however a little widow lady of the utmost discretion, Mrs. Leigh, after the first gasp of astonishment, made no sign—gave a brief account of her having overbalanced herself and having managed to scramble into the gallery—and never said one single word to anybody concerning the sharer of her fate.

"Whoever he is, he is a gentleman at any rate," she said to herself, "and he saved my life—so he deserves my ring as a reward for his prowess. I shall find him out who he is in time, no doubt."

"I forgot to tell you, Ernest, that there is lady coming to join in our Christmas dinner," said his mother to him on the morning of Christmas day.

"Indeed! Who is it?" inquired her son with but a languid interest. "Are not strangers rather a bore on these occasions, mother dear?"

"Yes, I know; but in this case it is almost an act of charity. She is a poor widow lady whose husband died in India a year ago. She has rented old Miss Rolt's tiny cottage for six months. Poor thing, she seems quite alone in the world, and she has got a lawsuit going on about some property of her late husband's, and if she losses it, she will be penniless, poor thing."

Ernest smothered a yawn. A poor widow lady with a lawsuit did not appeal to his interest in the very least. He could picture her exactly. Small, dowdy and faded—with a face yellowed by Indian sunshine and a liver impaired by Indian fevers. She would be melancholy of course. melancholy over the memory of the "dear departed," and still more melancholy over the prospects of penniless and her pending lawsuit, which she would be certain to lose—poor widows are never successful in these sort of cases.

Not a very lively addition to a Christmas dinner table assuredly! It would have been bad enough anyhow—but with a poor widow thrown in—Ban! What a nuisance!

She was standing before the fire talking to his mother with her back towards him when he entered the drawing-room, dressed for dinner.

He saw a charming figure, tall and slight, with the slim waist of a girl of twenty.

"Let me introduce my son to you, Mrs. Leigh," said Mrs. Redforth.

She turned. He saw before him a girlish face, oval shaped and rose tinted, liquid melting eyes of heavenly blue, and beautiful dark auburn hair, framed in with a tiny rim of dazzling white crape.

"How do you do, Mr. Redforth?" she said holding out her hand to him. It was not a very remarkable thing to say, but it had a very remarkable effect upon Ernest, for he recognized the low silver-toned voice instantly—he could have told it amongst a thousand. She was the mysterious angel who had hung in empty space in his arms, in the church the day before yesterday—whom he had been hunting for all over the parish ever since, and whose extraordinary gift, slipped upon the end of his watch chain, was reposing safely in his pocket at this very moment.

What happened during the course of that eventful dinner Ernest never afterwards could recollect. Whether turkeys and plum pudding were consumed by his family or cold mutton and cabbage pickles he could not have stated—whether healths to absent friends were drunk, and good wishes were exchanged around the table, whether his father made a speech, and his mother wept, or whether or no his sisters as usual expressed their desire to see him shortly united to a good wife—all remains wrapped in a dense cloud of obscurity and uncertainty unto this day.

The one thing that did happen was that Ernest Redforth fell head over ears in love with pretty Mrs. Leigh, and that he neither ate nor drank anything to speak of—that he saw nothing else but her face, and was conscious of no other sound save the silver ring of her sweet voice.

He kept his secret well, and the diamond ring lay for many days snug and safe in his waistcoat pocket.

For four consecutive Sundays did the infatuated youth run down to Hampshire, to the unfeigned surprise of his parents, and the amusement of his more sharp sighted sisters, and each Sunday he spent a large portion of the day in Ida Leigh's society.

And all the time never a word did the widow hear about that diamond ring which she had so impulsively bestowed upon the wrong man.

Perhaps, however, she had her suspicions; anyhow she bided her time.

One day she suddenly said to him:

"I have lost a diamond ring, Mr. Redforth."

Ernest colored up to the roots of his hair.

"Indeed?" very politely. "Pray when did you lose it?"

"When I was helping your sisters with the church decorations just before Christmas."

"Have you had the church searched? Why don't you ask Mr. Fenton the curate to look for it?" maliciously. It was Mrs. Mrs. Leigh's turn to blush. Then their eyes met suddenly.

"I once had a diamond ring given to me," began the young man hesitatingly, and drawing something mysteriously out of his pocket, "It was a reward for saving a lady's life and also as a consolation for——"

"Oh, what a shame! What a shame of you!" cried Mrs. Leigh jumping up and trying to snatch it out of his hand—"I knew it was you!"

He got up and held it high above her head out of her reach. "You are not going to have it," he said. "It was given to me."

"It was not. It was given to Mr. Fenton."

"Confound Fenton's impudence! How dare he ask such a woman as you to marry him!"

Mrs. Leigh sat down again. A tiny smile fluttered upon her lips and a beautiful blush overspread her downcast face.

"Why shouldn't he, pray?—why—why shouldn't any man ask me to marry him? There is nothing against me, is there—that I should not marry again?"

"Do you mean that?" cried the young man rapturously falling down upon his knees by the side of her chair. "Look here, Ida—Mrs. Leigh—I'm a poor beggar—I've nothing but my salary—but won't you let me give you another kind of ring, a plain gold one, in exchange for this?—and if you'd wait a year or two till I get my promotion?"

"There's no occasion to wait. I have gained my lawsuit, Ernest. The letter from the lawyers came this morning."

"What has that to do with me?"

Everything; since it gives me three thousand a year. So if you think that it won't be too great a grief to inflict upon poor Mr. Fenton——?"

But she never finished the sentence—nor ever got back her diamond ring till she wore it in Fossett church as a guard to another one on her wedding day. That is why Ernest Redforth never regretted having gone home for Christmas.

MARKS OF GENTILITY. — There are many curious personal habits and usages that originally marked gentility, if not aristocracy. The practice observed among Spanish hidalgos of allowing the finger nails to grow into claw-like forms was to show that they had never done any work. The same thing is done by the Chinese for the same purpose.

Among the ancient Romans the wearing of long sleeves, which came down over the hand, was the fashion in the upper circles. This advertized to the world that the wearer did not engage in any labor, and freedom from employment was, according to their crude notions of worth, the condition of respectability.

The height of absurdity is reached in the fancy of the Chinese leaders of fashion who have gone to the extent of inducing shapeless deformity in women's feet, and rendering the victims cripples for life, to prove that these could afford to get along without doing anything for themselves.

Yet we cannot afford to laugh at the Chinese in this matter. English boots and shoes have been designed more or less for the same absurd purpose. As early as the time of William Rufus, peak-toed boots and shoes excited the wrath and contempt of the monkish historians.

The shoes called pigacia had their points made like a scorpion's tail, and a courtier named Robert stuffed his out with tow, and caused them to curl round in form of a ram's horn, a fashion which took mightily amongst the nobles. It is plain that the purpose of this fashion was to show that the wearer was not dependent on any kind of labor or fleetness of foot for his daily bread.

The practice of wearing tight-fitting boots and shoes is an old one, for Chaucer, writing of them in his day, refers to them; and later, in 1765, Horace Walpole said, "I am now twenty years on the right side of red heels."

THE TRACK WALKER. — "The railroad track-walker occupies an important position of trust," said a conductor to me the other day, when our train had been stopped by a signal. "On his care depends the safety of every train and of every life which passes over his section of the road. The broken plate for which he signaled us was a very little thing in itself, but had it been neglected our train might have been thrown from the track and several people killed."

I have been a track-walker myself, and would be one yet but for the fact that I had a friend in the superintendent's office who aided me in getting my present position. The railroad man's motto is 'once a track-walker, always a track-walker.' He goes on duty in the morning, rain or shine, at five o'clock, or at the same hour in the evening, if he is on the night shift, and remains for twelve hours.

He has a certain section of the track to cover, and is required to go over it at the rate of about two miles an hour. He must look carefully at every foot of the rails, fish plates and angle plates and loose bolts. An experienced man can tell a loose rail at a glance, and a few blows of his hammer soon set matters right.

His outfit consists of a wrench, a hammer, a few bolts and spikes, a lantern if working at night, a flag and torpedoes.

In case of his discovering a serious damage to the rail which he cannot repair without stopping a train which he knows is due, he places two torpedoes about five yards apart and some two hundred feet from where he will be at work on the rails. This allows him to work at ease, and their explosion warns the engineer of what is ahead.

HOSTILE CRITICISM.—An enemy is always more interested in our faults and shortcomings than in our excellences, and frequently takes pains to discover them and spread them abroad. If, instead of letting this excite us to anger, we use it as a means for restraining these faults—if we are more concerned in the endeavor to avoid the misdeeds for which we are criticised than the criticism itself—then our enemies, in trying to harm us, will have done us a great good. If in those very points in which they depreciate us we prove ourselves spotless, their testimony against us will lose weight, and their influence in our disfavor will die away. But, if we are merely indignant at the detraction, and wrathful with the detractor, we shall confirm his evil report in the minds of those who have heard it. We are not yet so far advanced in character that we can wholly do without the motive of fear, and the fear of what is in the power of an enemy to do to injure us may sometimes exert a wholesome restraint. At any rate the best way to overcome it is by watchful and circumspect conduct to put it out of his power to injure us.

ORIENTAL BEGGARS.—Beggary through out the East is a thriving profession. There are guilds of beggars, besides the numerous communities of dervishes, who are semi-religious mendicants. Many families have been beggars for generations, and are mendicants from choice. Some of these professional beggars are actually wealthy. Four-and twenty years ago the writer well remembers a case. The Chief Beggar (the title was not conferred in derision) gave his daughter in marriage to a substantial farmer. The girl's dowry consisted of two freehold houses, the rooms of which were entirely filled with dry pieces of bread, and the sale of these begged crusts subsequently realized a considerable sum, being disposed of as food for cattle. In the East there is no organized charity, but Mussulmen are exceedingly charitable, many giving away a fifth and even a third of their income.

A FEATURE of a recent out door celebration in Eastport, Me., was a "greasy pole walking contest." The pole was run out for quite a distance over a lake, and the first walker fell into the water before reaching the flag on the end.

"An old hand at it" then tried, and he walked out to the flag without any difficulty.

Scientific and Useful.

COMBINED SPOON AND FORK.—A Sheffield manufacturer has just introduced a new table-fork, which combines some of the advantages of the spoon with those of the ordinary four pronged fork. It is intended primarily to meet the difficulty ordinarily attending on the eating of such vegetables as peas and the like, but it is easy to see that there are many circumstances under which this combination might prove useful.

COLOR PRINTING ON METAL.—A process of printing colors upon metals has been devised, and brought out. The plates of zinc, or other metal, are first coated with copper, nickel, or both, and these are printed on from stones, after the manner of the lithograph. Enamel colors are employed, and the results are very striking. Some elegant show-tables prepared in this way, and either plain or embroidered have been exhibited.

SMOKELESS POWDER.—Of smokeless powder Commander F. M. Barber says: "So far perfection has not been reached with any of them. They do not keep well and have a tendency to absorb moisture, the result being a change in the rate of burning and consequent pressure in the gun. In the course of experimenting, however, marvelous results are being obtained. In France a powder for small arms has been discovered which behaves in exactly the reverse manner from ordinary rifle powder, the pressure being greater at the muzzle of the rifle than at the breech, and velocities of over 4000 feet per second have been obtained with the bullets."

NICKEL STEEL.—Steel containing 25 per cent. of nickel possesses some peculiar properties. On heating it to a dull red it becomes non-magnetisable, so that the same metal may be magnetic or non-magnetic through a range of temperatures from below the freezing point up to 580 degrees. The non-magnetic steel is softer than the magnetic. It breaks with a stress of about 50 tons per square inch after elongating about 30 per cent. The magnetic steel breaks with a stress of about 90 tons per square inch after elongating about 7 per cent. The non-magnetic would, therefore, be used as a mild steel were it not that on exposure to a hard frost it becomes a hard steel and remains so until heated to a temperature of 600 Cent.

Farm and Garden.

FIRE-FANG.—During the warm days of summer the manure will "fire fang" unless plenty of absorbent material be used, or the manure turned over occasionally.

WOOD OR COAL.—Wood or coal ashes rate among the best materials that can be used to loosen up a stiff, hard soil, and should be applied freely whenever they can be secured, while wood ashes are a valuable fertilizer.

THE REAL WANT.—The cow may work well, the churn may work well, and the conditions may be perfect, but if there is not an active brain behind the whole thing, it will be like an engine without any fire under the boiler.

THE HOGS.—A farmer in Texas gives his hogs one good feed each year of corn boiled in poke root, three parts of corn to one of the root. He considers the root a preventative of cholera. In twenty-two years experience he has never lost a hog with this disease.

SETTING TREES.—If you wish to set a tree or vine where an old one has died out, remove a considerable amount of earth and fill in with good and fresh new soil. It will pay to take this trouble. A new plant for some reason, recoils from taking root in the soil of one that has failed to live.

THISTLES.—A Michigan farmer tells a contemporary how he manages to conquer Canada thistles by the help of 200 sheep. He puts a small handful of salt on each thistle at the root. The sheep eat the thistle close to the ground. The salting is repeated as often as may be necessary, and the thistle seldom appears the second year.

ASHES AND MANURE.—Ashes and hen manure, if mixed together before being applied to the soil, result in the loss of ammonia from the droppings that greatly lessens the value. Put the ashes on after the manure has been mixed with the soil; the ammonia will be absorbed by it and remain in it for the use of the crop. Wood ashes are a valuable application to soils deficient in potash, and hasten the decomposition in coarse manures.

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THE ANGELUS.

BY JEAN FRANCOIS MILLET.

This masterpiece of the great French painter has been purchased by an American for the sum of $116,000 and duties, amounting in all to about $150,000. It is the largest sum ever paid for a painting of this size.

Jean Francois Millet, who died in 1875 at the age of sixty, devoted himself to the faithful reproduction of actual rustic life among the French peasantry. During his lifetime he was sorely distressed by poverty and want, and it was not until some time after his death that his wonderful genius was appreciated.

Gambetta makes the following comment on the work reproduced in our etched and colored oleograph: "Millet appears with his marked character of a painter of the seasons, the fields, and the peasants. 'The Angelus,' is his masterpiece in which two peasants, bathed in the rays of the setting sun and full of mystical emotion, bow their heads at the penetrating sound of a bell ringing for evening prayer at the monastery visible on the horizon." All the original colors, and shades are reproduced in *fac simile*, so that our oleograph gives "The Angelus" exactly as seen in the painting itself. Save that it has not actually been painted by hand it presents the full life, beauty and expression of the work as it came from Millet's easel. The gold and red of the setting sun; the dark browns and greens of the field where the peasants are working; the faithful blues and grays of their peasant costumes; the gathering shadow of twilight are all shown with such delicate taste and blending of hues, that the picture stands out inspired with religious sentiment and devotion. A finer copy, and one in which more skill is shown has never before been produced. The size of this famous picture in colors, is 22x28 inches and a copy will be sent, all postage paid, to every one who sends us $2.00 for one year's subscription to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST in advance.

"In Love" and "The Peacemaker"

Are two splendid companion photo-gravures. They are printed on heavy-toned paper, and are in size 12 x 16 inches each. The subject of the first named "In Love" represents a young couple dressed in the fashion of our grandfathers and grandmothers, sitting under a tree in the garden of an old-time mansion. The maiden is sewing and the lover after the style of the period, is paying her courteous and kind attention. In the second picture, "The Peacemaker," the couple have plainly had a quarrel. Both pretend to want to part, and at the same time both are evidently glad of the kind offices of a young lady friend who has just come upon the scene, and wishes to have them "make it un." Each picture tells its own story completely, and each is the sequel and complement of the other. Prettier works of art or neater pictures for a parlor or sitting-room, could not be desired.

These *two* splendid companion photo-gravures sent prepaid to each subscriber who sends us $2.00 for the THE POST one year.

If preferred we will send instead a copy of the magnificent picture of "Christ before Pilate," size of which is 21x28 inches.

Perspectives.

In the painting of a landscape, no beauty of coloring or delicacy of touch can atone for the lack of perspective. If the laws of distance be not observed, if the objects in the foreground and those in the background are represented with equal distinctness and of equal size, the picture loses all merit; while the closer the true proportions are observed, the more of life and of nature it will portray.

But the painter is not the only one who should be careful about perspectives. Life is full of them, and just as far as we adapt our conduct to true proportions will be our success in living a true and worthy life.

As the painter finds that it taxes all his perspective faculties, all his mathematic powers, and all the knowledge of his art which he possesses, to portray correctly the idea of distance, so every thoughtful person will find that he must exert all his intelligence, all his judgment, and all his powers of self-control to preserve life's perspectives.

To recognise the most important things, to give them the first place in our lives, and to arrange the others in their true order, is no small, nor easy task; yet without it life will be as complete a failure as the painting with all notion of the far and near left out.

Certainly every occupation demands this element. The mechanic must discover the comparative significance of each part of his work, and apply his energies accordingly. The carpenter must engage and complete a building secured on a solid foundation. The architect must keep the objects of his proposed structure in constant view and in their true order.

If he sacrifices comfort to elegance, convenience to decoration, security to beauty, or a general tone of consistency in the whole to an extreme costliness of some of the parts, he loses his perspective, and has to that degree failed in his work.

The successful lawyer must be able, through the mass of conflicting testimony, to discern the main points in the case, and to present them in the true order of their importance, touching only lightly upon minor points, and dropping entirely all superfluous matter.

The physician, while listening attentively and patiently to copious accounts of symptoms and sensations, must select the most important ones for his guides and let the others alone.

So in every pursuit success can only be won by estimating the relative value of the various parts, and apportioning our energies accordingly.

OUR whole infernal civilization is a struggle. We are climbing a perpendicular cliff with a bottomless gulf below—clinging desperately to tiny roots and crevices and toiling upward—eyes fixed on the green and pleasant slopes above. We strain, strive, now slipping now gaining, while our hairs whiten with the agony of our aching, failing muscles. One by one we give up and fall with wild curse or groan,—but the others keep on, not daring to look down,—there is no place to rest from torturing thought save, perhaps, in the black depth below.

IT is the pursuit which gives all the zest to life. The toil, the energy, the perseverance, the endeavor that brings the joy both in it and after it—these strengthen the faculties, whet the desires, invigorate the whole nature, and make happiness possible. Without them we should sink into the hopeless misery of inertia. No failure, no adversity can be half so disastrous as the ennui, the discontent, and the vacuity of the idler.

IT is not a safe thing to leave a generous feeling to the cooling influences of a cold world. If you intend to do a mean thing, wait till to-morrow; if you wish to do a noble thing, do it now—at once—and, like the blacksmith, "strike while the iron is hot."

A DIFFERENCE between honorable and dishonorable competition is the conduct of the victor to the vanquished. Some men rise above others only to crush them—others to lift and exalt them. Some boast with noisy triumph, and scorn those who are left behind; others have "a way of making people feel comfortable." One artist who has risen high in public favor uses his influence to depreciate the works of his brother artists; another takes them by the hand and gives them courage for fresh endeavors.

THE want of method and habit in early life is answerable for many evils to manhood. The youth accustomed to regular and industrious employment will seldom lose such habit in after life, while those who have been suffered to pass a desultory childhood will require extra fortitude and strength of character to become persevering, energetic and industrious in later years.

WHEN any one is thoroughly interested in some subject outside of himself, he forgets all about himself and his appearance, his self-conscious bashfulness crops away, and he becomes natural and interesting; but when self looms up in his mind as the central figure and the all important theme, all true modesty, dignity and ingenuousness will take their flight.

NEARLY all are of opinion that devotion is purer and more ardent in solitude, but declare to you that they believe it to be their duty to set an example by going to church. Is not this pride and vanity? What must they conceive of their own value and importance, to imagine that others will necessarily look up to them as guides and models!

THE fountain of content must spring up in the mind; and he who has so little knowledge of human nature as to seek happiness by changing anything but his own discontented disposition, will waste his life in fruitless efforts, and multiply the griefs which he purposes to remove.

WHEN the veil of death has been drawn between us and the objects of our regard, how quick sighted do we become to their merits, and how bitterly do we remember words, or even looks of unkindness, which may have escaped us in our intercourse with them.

HOW mysterious is this human life, with all its diversities of contrast and compensation; this web of checkered destinies; this sphere of manifold allotment, where man lives in his greatness and grossness, a little lower than the angels, a little higher than the brutes.

DEATH and exile, and all things that appear dreadful, let these be every day before thine eyes; but death most of all, for so thou wilt neither despise nor too greatly desire any condition of life.

PARTING and forgetting! What faithful heart can do these? Our great thoughts, our great affections, the Truths of our life, never leave us.

THE mind profits by the wreck of every passion, and we may measure our road to wisdom by the sorrows we have undergone.

WE anticipate our own happiness, and eat out the heart and sweetness of worldly pleasures by delightful forethought of them.

NOTHING gives such a blow to friendship as detecting another in an untruth; it strikes at the root of our confidence ever after.

IF we could have a little patience we would escape much mortification; time takes away as much as it gives

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THE grandest of heroic deeds are those which are performed within four walls and in domestic privacy.

THE feeble tremble before opinion, the foolish defy it, the wise judge it, and the skilful direct it.

FRUITLESS is sorrow for having done amiss if it issue not in resolution to do so no more.

BY the verdict of his own breast no guilty man is ever acquitted.

Learning without thought is labor lost.

The World's Happenings.

A double deck electric car, capable of carrying 175 persons, is being experimented with in Pittsburg.

A hungry horse tied in front of a Norristown dry-goods store devoured part of a box of cheap straw hats.

A fund of $3000 has been raised in Atlanta, Ga., for the purpose of buying an elephant for the public park.

At a pie-eating contest in New York "for $15 and the championship of America," the winner ate five pies in nine minutes.

In a cemetery at Readstown, N. J., on an old tombstone is this inscription: "As I am so you must be; tell no lies, but follow me."

Chinese pheasants were introduced into the woods of Oregon only eight years ago, and there are now said to be nearly a million of them there.

Wm Briningham, of Fairton, Cumberland county, N. J., recently celebrated his 87th birthday anniversary by sawing two cords of wood.

A couple married near Ottawa recently had never seen each other until the day of the marriage. They did all their courting through the mails.

Franklin, this State, has a child who sleeps every other three days. The case baffles the physicians. The child seems to be in perfect good health.

There is said to be a striking similarity between the sign language used by deaf mutes and that in vogue among the Indians of North and South America.

If all the persons whose names are in the new government blue book were to form a line four abreast, it would take ten hours for the procession to pass the White House.

A confessed incendiary under arrest at Indianapolis is only nine years old. He admits having ignited only one building, but he is believed to have had a hand in several other fires.

The most densely populated square mile in the world is in the city of New York. It is inhabited by 270,000 people, the larger part of whom are Italians, who speak only their native language.

It has been officially estimated that no fewer than 170,000 wolves are roaming at large in Russia, and that the inhabitants of the Vologda last year killed no fewer than 42,000, and of the Casan district 21,000.

Pound keeper Finn, of New York, estimates the dog population of that city at from 25,000 to 30,000. During the past year the dog-catchers caught 7468 dogs, 300 of which were redeemed by their owners paying $3 fine, the remainder being asphyxiated.

A gang of horse thieves have just made a grand round-up in Eastern Washington and Northern Idaho, and have taken about 500 head of horses toward British Columbia. They had a good start, and it is feared the pursuing parties will not overtake them.

The trunk of a rosebush at Ventura, Cal., is said to be three feet in circumference, and the first branch it throws out is 21 inches in circumference. It runs over a lattice work, and since trimming covers a space of 1,200 square feet. It yields thousands of flowers.

There is a real floating island in Norway Lake, Me. It has an area of one and one-eighth acres, formed of a quagmire made up of a mass of roots, weeds and fibres and a growth of small trees. It has for years been a breeding place for hens, ducks and other birds.

The town clock at Sarnia, Ont., stopped recently, and its custodian, in seeking the cause, found that the hands had been securely tied down with strands of twine and grass by a pair of English sparrows that had selected the angle formed by the hands as a site for a nest.

The "British Medical Journal," considering the danger of kissing the usually greasy Bible of the law courts, recommends that a clean wrapper of paper be put on from time to time. This was done for the benefit of the Duke of Fife, a recent witness, and it is approved as a desirable practice.

On a recent trip West a party of men stopped over night on a ranch at Elko, Col., and when the lady of the house showed one of them to a room she remarked by way of apology: "You will find the bed kind of hard. We took the hay out of the mattress last winter to feed the starving cattle."

A watchmaker in Newcastle, England, recently completed a set of three gold shirt studs, in one of which is a watch that keeps excellent time. The three studs are connected by a strip of silver inside the shirt bosom, and the watch, contained in the middle one, is wound up by turning the stud above. The hands are set by turning the one below.

A gentleman residing near Chester has two mocking birds which he formerly kept in cages in sight of each other. One of the birds was an excellent songster, but the other one would not utter a note. At the suggestion of a friend the cages were placed in such a position that the birds were unable to see each other, and now both sing sweet notes to each other.

The Superintendent of Public Instruction of New York State has announced the vote for the State flower as follows: Goldenrod, 81,208; rose, 79,666; daisy, 33,603; violet, 31,176; pansy, 21,202; lilly, 16,438; lily of the valley, 11,626; trailing arbutus, 7888; buttercup, 6127; scattering, 29,045; total, 318,079. The scattering votes were distributed through 121 different varieties.

An eight-wheeled railroad church has just been finished at Tiflis, in the factory of the Transcaucasian Railway Company, for use along the line. It is surmounted by a cross at one end, and at the other there is a handsome belfry with three bells. Besides the church proper it has apartments for the priest. It can comfortably seat seventy persons. The altar was made in St. Petersburg.

Benjamin Franklin Huntington, in old Franklin town, a few miles north of Norwich, Conn., keeps a great many bees, and he often wondered what it was that thinned out his swarm. Finally he shot a king bird, one of the flock of birds that hover about his garden near the bee hives. He dissected it and found 13 honey bees in its crop. He has decided to open war on the king bird.

TRUE GIFTS.

BY LAURA HARVEY.

He gives no gift who gives to me
Things rich and rare,
Unless within the gift he give
Of love some share.

He gives no gift who gives to me
Silver and gold,
If but to make his own heart glad;
Such gift is cold.

He gives me gifts most rich and rare
Who gives to me,
Out of the riches of his heart,
True sympathy.

He gives best gifts who, giving nought
Of worldly store,
Gives me his friendship, love and trust—
I ask no more.

A Modern Dilemma.

BY E. KERSEY.

THANKS, but I think I will go myself. Either my hand is unsteady, or the birds are shy, so that there's no use in my staying here any longer, to increase my number of misses and arouse the compassion or contempt of the keeper."

The speaker was a young man dressed in correct shooting costume, and his words were in answer to a remonstrance from his friend and host, against his somewhat premature departure from the moor.

To define them more closely; the one was a quiet-looking, town-bred man, whose air of absorption contrasted strongly with the bluff hearty face that now looked on him in hospitable concern. Yet the friendship between them was of no recent standing.

At school close friends, they had continued their intimacy at Oambridge; and though their paths since had diverged widely, it was always with a feeling of pleasure that Arthur Hammond, for so the slighter of the two was named, availed himself of his friend's frequent invitations to run down for a few weeks' shooting.

On this occasion he had spent nearly a fortnight, not altogether in shooting; and now, though his last day had come, he seemed to relinquish the sport without any very great reluctance.

He pleaded that he had a telegram to dispatch from the post office, which lay at some three miles distance, refused to let a keeper be sent with it, and when urged, fell back on the statement that he was shooting badly.

His last plea was sound enough in fact, for his usually keen aim failed him even at the easiest shots, and after a few more words, he gave up his gun, and started on his walk amid a shower of banter and directions.

It is strange what a mixture of truth there is in even our most fictitious excuses. A telegram had to be sent, and Arthur was shooting badly; and yet it was neither the need of the one or the misfortune of the other that despatched him along the sheep-track over the moor. The truth was, he wanted to think; and what he wanted to think about was a conversation he had had with his host that very morning.

Some three weeks before he had come down to Idstone free in heart, but before he had been more than a couple of days at the Manor he found himself over head and ears in love with his friend's sister, Maggie Senior.

Like most men who have spent their lives among books, he was well aware of his condition, and so it was with eyes well opened that he yielded himself to the charm and the charmer.

There was no particular reason against such a surrender. A small private fortune set him free from the more harassing of pecuniary considerations, while his prospects at the bar were brightening with every year.

The current had turned his way, and briefs, at first so rare, now came to him with the desirable regularity that foretells professional success. Without ties and with a competence, he judged himself justified in cherishing his dreams of happiness with a prospect of their turning out some more than visionary.

About Miss Senior's feelings he was more uncertain, still he thought—and the result of his thoughts had not been unfavorable to himself. Yet with the wish to make things secure he had confined himself to drifting along, and trying to induce her to drift with him, down the stream of love, till the approach of his departure warned him of the necessity of making some definite progress; in other words, of putting up a landmark to show how far he had gone.

That morning he had spoken of his attachment to her brother. As he expected, he met with the heartiest good wishes; but when he tried to sound him about what he supposed were the young lady's feelings, a look of perplexity gradually overclouded Charlie Senior's joyous face as he responded that he knew nothing, that Maggie was a good girl and a clever girl, and that he hoped; but so lugubriously were his hopes expressed that the ardent lover paused for an explanation, which he received at length, but whether to his satisfaction may be doubted.

"The fact is, my dear fellow," said Charlie, taking his pipe out of his mouth and proceeding to refill it, "that some time back Maggie fell in love, or fancied herself in love with that worthless scamp of a fellow Bartram, who has the estate next to this. Well, he wanted to marry her out of hand, but my father fortunately stepped in, and the match was postponed for six months." Here, regardless of his auditor's anxiety, he had stopped in order to get his pipe to draw satisfactorily; then on—"By that time, thank Heaven, she had learnt something of the fellow's character, and, young though she was, she met him like a plucky little girl, and told him never to try to see her again."

"What then?" had asked Drummond. 'Do you think she still cares for him?"

"No, I don't; but, there, I doubt if she ever really cared for him at all. She was fascinated. But of course I can't say. She has had offers, I know, and has refused them all; but why, I can't say. Then again, when he went off he vowed that he would come back to seek her within two years' time."

"But have the two years gone by?"

"Not yet, I think; because she promised to tell me when they had, and that she has not done; I am sure I don't know why she could not tell me she had done with him, two years or no."

And with this enigmatical expression of opinion as to his friend's chances, Mr. Senior betook himself to his pipe with every expression of good-will, and much appearance of despondency. There was nothing which he desired more than a match between his friend and his sister, and nothing could have vexed him in a greater degree than the adverse chance which made his cur of a neighbor an obstacle to the union.

Such then were the thoughts which filled the mind of Arthur Drummond as he strode over the moorland that December afternoon. All around him was exhilarating; the autumn air breathing freshly over the heather with a sense of keen frost; the soft mist rising in the distance; and the sun sinking down a ball of red fire.

It may have been the result of such external influences, but as he went on he came to the determination to put matters to the test that night or the following morning.

At first, indeed, he felt the full uncertainty of his case, and he wished that Maggie had been able to say, as her brother had wished, that all was over and done, whether the two years were gone or no; but then, on the other hand, he knew how reticent she was, and how keen must have been her shame when she found out the character of the man who had, though only temporarily, fascinated her.

His thoughts then turned to a comparison between himself and Bartram. The latter he knew full well, but the knowledge which he had, had not gone towards increasing his esteem for Bartram, nor had the circumstances of their last meeting in Bartram's liking for him.

He felt the better and the stronger for his solitary walk, and it was almost with a sense of disappointment that he met the postman about a mile from the village and delivered his telegraphic message to him. A glance at his watch showing him some two hours before dinner, he resolved to return home another way, to skirt the lake which extended some distance from the house; and so to gain both a last look at the scenery, and courage for his coming interview.

On his road he passed by the lodge gates of Mr. Bartram's house, and looking up the avenue, to his surprise he saw lights in some of the windows, and such an appearance of smoke at the chimney-tops as might warrant the belief that its master was home.

Could it be that he had returned to press his suit? In vain he tried to dismiss the idea; in vain he argued with himself, nay convinced himself logically that all the lights were in the servants' part of the house, and so on.

All was to no purpose. Mr. Bartram was home, and of that he was to have adequate proof in a very few minutes.

His further way lay along a path, which, after branching off from the road and passing over a small hill covered with a thickly-wooded copse, rejoined the road once more near its approach to the lake.

It was a keen pleasure for a lover of Nature to be tracing his way between trees which had scarcely shed the garment of frost in which the previous night had folded them, to feel the brittle twigs snap beneath the foot, to see every little pool hard bound with ice, and to draw in deep breaths of the cold air that seemed to steal beneath the thick branches of the fir.

But, of a sudden, the sound of voices broke in upon his attention. Instinctively he stopped, and with him all the sound of rustling ceased, and there, some way before him, through an opening in the bushes he saw the very man of whom he had been thinking so recently.

He was leaning in a half-indolent attitude against a tree, with a smile on his face, which would have been one of contempt if the appearance of indifference had not been so strongly marked.

There was no such look on the face of his companion. She was tall and handsome, in seeming the daughter of respectable farming folk; but all that might have attracted notice at another time was put out of sight by reason of the expression of utter despair that pervaded her features and centred all attention on itself.

Even then it seemed to deepen as if in response to something her companion said, and her accompanying words first roused Arthur Hammond to the awkwardness of the position in which he was, listening to a private conversation. They came like a cry wrung from the heart.

"Oh! think of my mother, think of me—the shame——" So she might have proceeded when her companion interrupted her, saying in a cold matter-of-fact tone—

"That, Elsie, is what you should have thought of before. She is not my mother, nor is she likely to become so. You, again, are not my wife, nor are you likely to become so. On the other hand, if you behave well, I shall do what I can for you."

There was no doubt that the interview might have continued for some time, but here Arthur, who had wavered between retreat and advance, decided on the latter as the most open and manly course.

With the sound of his approaching step, the voices ceased, the two moved, passed rapidly between the yielding bushes, and were lost to view.

At the little clearing where they had stood, he paused a moment, as if to realize the truth of what he had seen and heard.

There, however, were the very places where they had stood, and on the trunk against which Mr. Bartram had leant was the impress of his back clearly marked on the background of hoar frost.

Looking around, there seemed to him the figure of a man closely observant at some distance; but the light was dim, and he could not see whether it was a shadow, or whether his compliment was returned in kind by Bartram trying to discover his personality.

With an instant desire to show himself fearless, he called out, but no answer came, beyond the rustle of the trees just moved by the evening breeze, and he walked on.

This then was the man whose rivalry he was fearing. The very thought was revolting; it would have been the more revolting if he had believed that he was about to make his way from the woman whom he had betrayed and forsaken, in order to press his suit on a pure and innocent girl whose fancy he had fascinated when she was just emerging from her teens.

He put the idea on one side and strode on through the gathering dusk, but the way was intricate, and it was some time before he succeeded in regaining the road.

Hardly had he done so when he was met almost face to face by the subject of his thoughts. Mr. Bartram had evidently hastened through the wood, and was now sauntering up the road, unmoved, apparently by the scene through which he had passed, for he swung his cane as lightly as was his wont, while, to amuse his indolent moments, he stopped here and there to throw a stone over the hedge into the stream which ran down a ravine towards the lake.

A meeting, unpleasant though it was bound to be under the circumstances of the case, could not be avoided, unless one of them was willing to make a semi-public withdrawal from the scene.

Neither of them could do this; Hammond, because he despised Bartram; Bartram, because of his hatred toward Hammond. One resource there might be. Could they pass each other without a salutation? Arthur Hammond, for his part, would have dearly liked to do this, but whilst he was hesitating, he heard himself addressed.

"Ah, Hammond! Heard you were down here."

"Yes?"—this rather interrogatively.

"Been shooting, I suppose?"

"Yes," he replied, and this time affirmatively.

"Well, you rather startled me, popping down on the road so suddenly"—and whilst he said this it appeared in the twilight to his hearer that Bartram eyed him keenly. Perhaps he wanted to ascertain who had come upon him so inopportunely some time before.

"I came through the copse," said Hammond.

Once more a pause, which this time no one seemed to break. There they stood in close neighborhood, neither of them in the best of tempers.

Of the two, however, it was Bartram who presented the greater outward appearance of calm, as he stood slightly leaning against the fence which bordered the road end just separating it from the ravine, down which he kept dropping pieces of twigs broken off from the bushes growing round.

To Hammond's mind his action here was only too like his doings in the earlier scene; he broke off a twig and bent it about between his strong and supple fingers till it pleased him to let it fall out of sight into the gloom, torn up and cast away.

Still it was he who once suggested subject of conversation by inquiring after the Seniors.

"Not a bad girl—Maggie?" he continued; and though he received no answer he proceeded with his remarks. 'She is too flighty though, and rather too fond of her own way."

"Miss Senior is the sister of my friend, and I do not intend to discuss her conduct."

"Oh, oh! so she's cast her spell over you!" he said a little viciously. "She tried that with me, but two can play at that game. Still don't be too sure of your good fortune; I think I shall have something to say in my turn."

"Possibly Miss Senior may disregard your advice."

"Advice! Well, it would hardly be that. I think I shall go and see her myself."

This was more than Hammond could stand. "You scoundrel," he cried, "you would go to her after deserting that poor girl?"

"So the eavesdropper was you!" interrupted Bartram icily; "you don't hesitate to spy!"

"It was unintentional on my part; but nothing that I heard was out of keeping with my previous knowledge of your character."

"Unintentional, of course! It is really strange how many things are unintentional. I congratulate myself on not having, as I meant, written a letter to Miss Senior. You might have read it unintentionally; unintentionally, of course."

Maddened by this last taunt, Hammond made a hasty step forward, with what motive or with what meaning he was never able to say. Bartram started back a pace, leant too heavily on the fence, and the next moment fell through the bushes and crashed down the ravine.

It was all the work of a moment. Before Hammond was conscious even of his change of attitude, for what he had done amounted to little more than that, he stood alone on the road, listening vaguely for a cry or a sound, and hearing nothing.

He stood motionless for a minute or two, expecting to hear or see something of his late opponent. At last, growing anxious, he shouted aloud, but there was no answering to his cries, repeated though they were.

In vain he peered down over the brink, for the gathering darkness was now a sufficient obstacle to prevent his sight penetrating to where Bartram lay, if indeed he was lying there.

With each moment his alarm increased. Was it possible, he thought, that some serious accident had occured, and through his instrumentality? A great terror seized him.

Now his thoughts passed to her about whom they had been speaking, and instinctively placing the worst construction on his situation, he wondered vaguely whether she would deem him guilty of murder, for so he shudderingly thought men might term the death, and whether he would dare to appear before her again.

Pshaw! it was all nonsense; the ravine, as he knew, was not deep, neither were its sides steep enough to kill, nor was the stream at its bottom deep enough to drown. At any rate, investigation of the accident was the first necessity.

He pressed cautiously through the hedge and climbed slowly and laboriously down the slope. There were signs of the recent catastrophe in the broken bushes, while here and there the loosened earth spoke of the passage of some heavy body that had forced its way down.

He had dreaded reaching the bottom for fear of what might be found there; but, once arrived, there were no signs to justify an excessive alarm, for though marks seemed to indicate some slip into the stream, on the other side were marks of an almost similar character. In a moment quite a contrary fear overcame him.

What if his rival were in wait to take his revenge on him as he groped about! Each glance around seemed cast to discover a secret danger lurking behind some bushes, while he half expected to feel the weight of some heavy stone, or to hear the whiz of a bullet pass by his ear.

Some effort indeed was needed before he could determine to explore the place more clearly by the light of the matches he had in his pocket. Pulling out the box, he twisted several of them together, and furnished with a light, wandered first along the one bank, then along the other.

On one side, marks as if a man had slipped into the water; on the other, marks as if he had climbed out again. Such at least was the conclusion at which he had arrived when the extemporised torch burnt itself out, and match lighted after match did nothing but confirm the conjecture.

He had tried the water with a stick, then tramped into it himself, and found that it came very far above his knees.

The work was terrible enough, walking up and down, now on loose banks and then in the water, biting in its cold, with pieces of ice floating and striking against his legs, with no light beyond that so fitfully afforded by a half-consumed match, while in his heart alternated fear of what he might find, with fear of what some foe now hidden in the gloom might do.

At last the search was over; listen though he might, no sound was to be heard, and it was almost with a sigh of relief that he saw the last vesta flare, fail, and end its short life with a quick hiss as it met the water. He climbed to the road wet and shivering, paused a moment, and then set off resolutely on his way to the Manor.

On one thing he had determined; he would tell his host of his adventure. This he resolved to do, not so much because he felt any particular anxiety as to the past, but lest ulterior consequences should arise, in which he knew how great would be the advantages of a previous confidence. Still the silence was unexplained, in itself a trouble.

He ran briskly along the road, walking now and again half in order to listen, though for what he hardly knew.

All around was still; once only was the universal quiet broken, and then by what seemed the discharge of a gun, reminding him of the shooting party, that must have deserted the moor some time ago. Probably one of their number was firing off a loaded barrel into the air.

Before him the house already loomed through the thick air, while lying just in front was the lake, hard frozen and glimmering weirdly in the night; and crossing the park, he made for a side door, thinking to catch his host and get him to himself for a short time in the library before dinner.

The best-made plans are liable to interruption. He found Senior, indeed, or, to speak more truly, Senior found him, since hardly had he opened the door when he heard a great voice salute him.

"Hello, Hammond; there you come at last! Now go and dress at once, and get down to the drawing room, like a good fellow."

"But look here, I want to say a few words to you."

"Can't help it, my dear fellow; we are in a regular fix. Here's my old aunt, Lady Brown, come down on us without notice and with piles of luggage. She said she thought she would take us by surprise, and for my part she has succeeded admirably. But surprises are not always pleasant. Go and dress, and help Maggie to entertain her."

The remonstrance he commenced was cut short peremptorily by Charlie, who explained that the rest of the shooting party were cowering, at least, so he said—in the billiard room, while Lady Brown and Miss Senior were alone in the drawing room.

"She has only been here a couple of hours, and already she's managed to point out six different things which require immediate alteration; so if you want to earn Maggie's eternal gratitude, go and divert the attack, and save a portion of the building from condemnation."

With these words he hurried off, and Hammond, perforce, sought his room. He was annoyed, indeed, that his explanation should be postponed, but then the hours after dinner would afford sufficient opportunity.

Man proposes, but the most insignificant circumstances are often sufficient to play the part of Providence in dispensing with his intentions, that is, if he is not very conscious of his purpose. Such was scarcely Hammond's character.

When he came into the drawing room he felt an instant pang of sympathy with his friend's alarm at the new advent. But even this feeling was entirely subordinated by that of surprise, which took possession of him on finding himself viewed in the light of an old friend within two minutes of his introduction. Though he missed some words of Lady Brown's conversation through his astonishment, what he heard was enough to convince him of her ladyship's vivacity. "Oh, yes, Mr. Hammond," she concluded, "I was very, very sorry to hear of your brother's misfortune—his sad accident, I may call it."

"But Lady Brown, I'm afraid there's some mistake," and as he spoke he looked interrogatively into Maggie's eyes, which were sparkling with amusement.

"Mistake! Oh no, indeed! But perhaps it is not so bad as Maggie told me."

"The mistake is that I have no brother"—again a look at Maggie. She knew about his family circumstances; at least, she ought to have done so, since it had formed the subject of many of his somewhat confidential conversations with her. Indeed, what is the use of family connections, except to afford interesting subjects for gossip!

"No brother! But, Maggie told me that Mr. Hammond's brother—yes, I am quite sure you said Mr. Hammond," as if in answer to a possible remonstrance—"had met with a bad fall in hunting."

"Oh, no, aunt," replied that young lady amid blushes, which seemed to say that she would not be so very surprised if she had made the mistake; "it was the brother of Charlie's friend, Mr. Normanby."

"Mr. Normanby—poor Normanby; how very sorry I am!" continued the benevolently disposed Lady Brown.

So open was the fact of the hatred existing between this pair of brethren, of whom the elder had been injured, that all Maggie could do was to reply—

"Perhaps you won't find Mr. Normanby so inconsolable as you suppose, aunt. Ah, here he comes!" she said, looking to the door.

Hammond was mistaken if he thought that he would gain a release from Lady Brown through the need she lay under of expressing her condolences to Normanby, on the serious accident that had befallen his elder brother.

No doubt the sympathy was expressed, and that demonstratively; but when that task was over, she turned to him again before he could come over to Miss Senior's side.

She talked to him during dinner when she could spare time from her plate or from the many little pieces of advice that she thought it expedient to address to her young hostess and niece; and when they entered the drawing room his heart sank within him as her well known voice pronounced his name. There, however, he had to stay while the other men slowly crept away to smoke, and it was only the stroke of eleven that sounded his release.

His last evening monopolized by that old woman, was his bitter reflection as he hurried off to join the others, with the intention of getting a private talk with Charlie Senior.

"Turn yourself from the siren at last!" was the remark that greeted him as he joined the party, who had just finished a game of pool.

Another was formed and he joined it, and when that was over he found himself engaged to play a game of billiards with a man who had been his antagonist the two preceding nights.

This done, he thought his opportunity would come. But to his intense annoyance, they had hardly begun when Charlie Senior rose and said, "Well, you two, I think I shall be going off. Just turn out the lights when you've done," and with these words he sauntered from the room.

For the life of him Hammond felt that he could not brake off to follow; that, indeed, would be making too much of what now was coming to appear to him in the light of a somewhat trivial mishap.

His chance for the evening was gone, since the same fear of prominence which would not allow of his going off from his game, hindered him afterwards from going to Charlie's room, where the latter, honest fellow, was in bed, and deep, to all likelihood, in sleep.

The morning broke bright and clear, keen frost and wintry sun. Hammond dressed quickly, and then, with a look at his watch, determined on a brisk walk before breakfast. Time at least was all the motive he confessed to himself; but in his heart there was no doubt, even as he started, that the walk would lead past the scene of last night's collision.

Once more he examined the ground carefully: this time, it is true, with a desire to escape the observations of any spectator who might wonder at his careful scrutiny of the ground; and once again he came to the conclusion that there was nothing to justify the alarm he had felt.

So convinced was he of this, that he began to congratulate himself on the chapter of accidents that had stood in the way of his intended confession.

Lady Brown almost assumed the aspect of a special envoy of Providence, though the angelic attributes usually assumed by such a personage were, to Hammond's mind, monopolized by her niece, the fair Maggie, who, on his entry into the breakfast-room, was sitting at the end of the table, pouring out coffee, and brightly chatting about the prospect of skating on the lake that very morning.

This project was received with favor, and by none with more than by Arthur Hammond, who saw in it a chance of having some private conversation—but this time not with the male member of the Senior family.

No place indeed could have been found more suitable for his purpose than the lake; though not large in extent, it was composed of so many coves, with sloping firs lined down to the very water's edge with fir and larch, that solitude existed almost independent of distance.

Yet for the time all stayed together, diverting themselves by skating in groups, or from the moral elevation of skates playing those old games which would be childish on the solid earth.

Soon the fun and the vigor had begun to flag, and the skaters had scattered themselves in twos or threes and settled down to the more solid and serious pastime of figure skating, when suddenly Charlie Senior was summoned to the bank.

There were two or three strangers and with them his butler. No sooner had he skated up than one of the strangers, a servant, so it turned out, of Mr. Bartram, inquired anxiously whether he had seen his master.

Mr. Bartram, he said, had gone out on the previous afternoon, and had not been seen since.

His delay; indeed, had excited no anxiety till prolonged into the small hours of the night; but since the morning broke they had been searching for him in all directions.

Had Mr. Senior seen anything of him? Mr. Senior, of course, had done nothing of the kind; but as the nearest of his neighbors, he felt that it behooved him to undertake the duty of leader in a search for a man whose loss or absence he was unable to deplore. His task was to be but short.

Meantime events had so kindly smiled on his wishes that Hammond found himself skating alone with Maggie Senior at the far end of the lake.

Side by side, and almost without a word, they had skated round one cove, and now, passing once more across the main water of the lake, they were on the point of entering another when he determined to break the silence that bore so heavily on his equanimity.

She, on her part, quickly glided by him with unruffled and seemingly unperceptive mien. Could he but know whether she had a suspicion of what was in his thoughts!

"My last day here, and my last day of holidays," said he at length, with a clumsy unoriginality.

"Must you really go?—but I suppose you must, with all your important cases!" was her bright response.

"I'm sorry to say I must; you know I would not go if I could help it" (rather an assumption, as he himself wanted to know if she did know). "I can't tell you how much I've enjoyed myself, Miss Senior all through your kindness; and now I shall go back and dream of these days in my solitary chambers"—and he with his two or three clubs!

"Oh, you do feel lonely sometimes?"—and with this half inquiry she stopped. Her reticence gave him hope. A short time ago, had they been talking of loneliness, she would have bantered him, and told him that he ought to marry, and offered to have picked out the very nicest of her girl friends for him, but now she was quiet. He burst out impetuously—

"Lonely! Yes, indeed! Miss Senior—Maggie, will you take pity on my loneliness?" He paused, and then again, "Maggie, darling, will you be my wife?"

In the moment of time that he stayed in quiet for an answer the whole scene imprinted itself on his vision, vivid then, to be rendered far more vivid by after events.

They were moving very slowly now, up a narrow creek, on each side of which rose high banks covered with dark-green firs, themselves thrown into the stronger relief by having a bright mantle of silver frost. On one side the bright sun was casting stunted shadows on the ice, which otherwise lay sound, pure, glassy and clear.

He waited still, yet she made no effort to withdraw the hand that lay within his grasp, while the warm blush that spread over her cheeks was a proclamation of victory.

Already she was gliding closer, half turning towards him, though her downcast head would not allow her lover to read the expression on her face. Then suddenly she stayed, her manner changed, and one wild cry burst from her lips: "Oh, he has come—come for me!"

That was all, but her eyes now were wide open, gazing in horror at some object presenting itself to her view; her whole body was stiffened and rigid.

Calling loudly for help, Arthur seized her in his arms, knelt on the ice to steady both himself and her; and then he too looked, and saw what she had seen.

Just in front of them, peering up through the crystal clear ice, was the face of Bartram. The eyes, wide open, seemed gazing upon them with a steady daring born of death.

A closer inspection convinced Hammond that what he saw was not illusion. It was indeed Bartram's face.

As he realised into the whole mystery was solved by a sudden flash of intelligence, and he bent his head and groaned. He saw it now.

Bartram must have fallen into the stream in a stunned condition, to be drawn down by the current under the ice; while in his hasty imperfect search he had omitted to follow the course of the stream far enough along the ravine.

How long he knelt there, holding Maggie's still form in his arms, he could not say. Time was annihilated in the succession of thoughts that passed through his mind.

He saw himself branded as a murderer. The past, indeed, was but matter for one long regret; had he made a confidant of his friend the night before, things would have had an aspect somewhat less black than that which they now bore; could he but go back twenty four hours to the time before that accursed meeting; could he even pass the barrier which had arisen since he came skating along that cove with every prospect of joy!

The cup which had appeared so full had been knocked rudely from his lips, and the rigid cold eyes which now met and fascinated his own smiled the satisfaction and triumph of his rival. "Before the two years had elapsed he had come to look upon his bride."

The sound of approach broke the silence. First came the skirring ring of the skaters; then the weight of those coming made the ice vibrate and the water to shake, and with them the body that lay beneath shook, vibrated, and came with a thud or two against the frozen surface, as if knocking for release. The other skaters had been attracted by their cries and had hurried up, among them Charlie Senior. They clustered round, and Arthur beckoned them to the terrible spectacle in silence.

Now it was that Senior's good sound common sense exhibited itself. His first care was for his sister. He shouted loudly for one of the chairs they had had down by the bank, placed her on it, and after telling Hammond to look sharp and come along, started home. They followed. Maggie was got to bed, still unconscious, and the doctor was sent for.

Then he came down to Hammond, and the other told him briefly how they had come upon the sight. Of course he could not now, as he would have done the night before, make a full confession to his old friend, neither did he feel himself able to relate the conversation that passed between him and Maggie.

That, indeed, was all a thing of the past. His condition was wretched enough, and he only longed for the hour to come when he would be obliged to start to catch his train. Life had lost its charm and its interest, but so indifferent was everything to him that he could go mechanically through his ordinary course.

One gleam of light came through the opinion of the doctor, who announced that Maggie must be kept quiet, but seemed hopeful about her condition. Yet the light only accentuated the darkness, and he was glad to see the dog-cart come round to the door to take him to the station.

It was no selfish feeling that made him welcome the departure; for the girl who lay upstairs he felt that he could have done anything, suffered anything; but in the condition in which she was, there was no assistance that he could render, while for him, at least, the whole surroundings were charged with electrical disturbance.

The journey was rich in emotional experiences. On the small local line, which he traversed at first, he had a carriage to himself; and very probably the fifty or sixty minutes thus spent alone were the most terrible of his life.

He was transplanted into a sudden tragedy. In their most prosaic aspect the circumstances of the case presented abundant room for foreboding and an agonized unreflecting remorse, but this was not all that he had to face.

The horrid fascination of the sudden discovery still held him in its spell, and over and over again was repeated the surprise with which he viewed the too real vision, till when the train rattled noisily through the gloom of the tunnels, those mocking open eyes seemed staring at him through the glare out of the darkness.

We all have our temple of Gehenna flung open to us at some time, and that well-cushioned first-class was his.

After that the company of others in the main-line express, formerly dreaded, was a relief which he had never contemplated. Their conversation and laughter sounded him a respite from the tribunal introspection; till, under the influence of his surroundings, he even became calm enough to make a dispassionate survey of his position with reference to a future course of action, an aspect which had scarcely occurred to him till the present moment. But now he was struck by the necessity for decision.

Each contingency had to be calculated for, and long before he had exhausted the subject, before he had even begun to think about immediate action, the train rushed into the terminus, and interrupting himself hastily, he hailed a hansom and drove away to his club.

When he reached his chambers late that night, fatigue and the effects of excitement left him once more a prey to the more sensational dread which the occurrence had inspired. This wore away with the night, and the next day, despite all its business, saw him bent on practical decision.

There was no need for haste, that might do harm, it could not do good; till the inquest was over nothing could be done—unless he wished to incriminate himself without call.

Yes, everything depended on the inquest. The more he thought of it, the more sure he was. What could the verdict be? That idea occurred to him at what might seem a late stage of the proceedings, yet, once thought, he felt no doubt as to its nature. There had been no struggle, to his knowledge no spectator. It must be one of "Accidental death."

He pondered long and deeply. At the end he arrived at a resolution which was quite as sensible as, perhaps even more sensible than, could have been expected. Should the verdict be as he anticipated, one of "Accidental death," he resolved to leave matters alone.

In the world's eye he was unconnected with the mishap, and, whatever might be the sentimental view, he felt—nay, he knew—that he was in very truth absolutely and morally guiltless.

On the other hand, should the jury, for some reason or other, decide that death had been caused by murder, and should suspicion fix itself on any other man, it would be his duty, he felt, to come forward and tell the plain story of that terrible evening, let the result be what it might.

A shudder ran through him as he thought what that result must inevitably be. Would any one believe his tale, so long concealed? Yet when some risk had to be run, that seemed by far the slightest.

Only one thing still pressed for decision. Even were the verdict what he hoped,

could he, dare he, seek Maggie for his wife?

At one moment he recoiled from the idea, thinking of the seal which such a union would set upon his action, again imagining the harrassing dread which would haunt him in a union with a woman whom he loved, and yet from whom he must always keep one chamber of her heart closely barred.

Then he turned to her. From what he had seen there could be but little doubt of her love. Would it be right to fling aside and repel the affection which he had sought and incited? No, a thousand times no!

With an effort he vowed solemnly that he would once more meet her, and ask her for the answer which he felt had been ready in the mind though unexpressed by the lips.

Strengthened in this resolve, he rose the third morning after his return. From a hurried scrawl from Charlie Senior he knew that the inquest had been held the day before, and he looked for a letter which might give him information as to its result. There was none; and, search though he did, there was no news to be gained from the morning papers, and he went into court in suspense.

The case on which he was engaged was long and dreary. Lunch-time came and went, and once more he sat in his place, striving to give his whole attention to the arguments of the opposing counsel.

So wearied had his neighbor become that he was deep in the surreptitious perusal of an evening paper. Glancing over him, his eye was caught by a paragraph. It was the end of the account of the inquest. He read on till almost in a circle of fire the verdict seemed blazed into his eyes. "Wilful murder!" The court swam around him, but he forced down his emotion, and looked once more for some line or two as yet unread.

There they were. "The police believe that they hold a clue to the murder." Just then with a start he heard his name called. The first thought that flashed through his mind was that the clue had been unravelled, and that the moment of his arrest had come.

Once again, and then he realized that it was the voice of the judge, who was calling on him with reference to some point that had arisen.

Mechanically he rose to his feet, mechanically he said some words, without knowing what they were, whether they had reference to the case, or even whether they made sense in themselves. Probably they did, or else they were understood as such, for the case went on. Shortly afterwards the court rose, and he was free to go home, perhaps for the last time.

He went back, mounted the stairs slowly, half expecting to find some one awaiting him.

On his table lay a letter and a country newspaper, the heralds of his fate. He hesitated dreamily, then putting forth his hand, took the paper, tore off the cover, turning it over with a sense of impatience because the account of the inquest did not present itself instantly to view. At last he found it.

The first witness was Bartram's butler, who deposed to the absence of his master and his search for him. Then he went on to describe the finding of the body and its extraction from the water.

All this Hammond read with a sense that it was but what he had expected, that it had all happened ages ago. But what was it that startled him and that made him scan the words eagerly and excitedly?

The witness told how after drawing the body from the water, they discovered a shot wound in the back under the left shoulder. Hammond hurried on in his reading. The next witness, a surgeon, described the wound, and stated that it was the cause of death.

"In his opinion," so the report ran, the deceased must have been standing at the edge of the water at some open part when he was shot from behind, and then had fallen already dead into the lake." As might be be expected, the summing-up of the coroner was in the same strain and the verdict of the jury expressed their entire concurrence.

Now the letter was seized upon. It came from Charlie Senior, who wrote that he had sent a newspaper which contained a full account of the inquest; and after briefly mentioning the verdict, he said, "the fact is that it appears that Bartram had seduced a daughter of one of his own tenants, engaged to a young farmer; there is little or no doubt that her sweetheart took the only revenge that lay in his power." Of course he expressed a hope, to be gratified as after events proved, that the man would not be caught.

To Hammond it seemed too sudden and too wonderful to be true, and only a repeated perusal of both letter and paper made him realize that what he read was fact and no illusion.

Then turned to the end of Senior's letter. It said, "You will be glad to hear that Maggie is much better. The doctor thinks she had better get away from this place as soon as possible, so next week we shall start for the Riviera. Then we shall work round by the Italian lakes to the Engadine, which we shall reach about Easter. Why don't you come and join us there?"

* * * * * * *

And it was in a valley in the Engadine that the long-delayed answer was given.

PORTUGAL has a female bull-fighter. Her name is Clotilde Mejestrik. She has practiced for bull-fighting only since last April 1, yet is wonderfully expert in the arena. At her debut in Oporto she killed two bulls, and a week later in Lisbon she killed two more.

Photographed.

BY S. U. W.

I HAD sold out in the army, and being decidedly invalided, my doctor, immediately after my return, ordered me to Bath for a course of waters.

One morning, a few weeks after my arrival, to my great delight and astonishment, I knocked up against the Colonel of my former regiment—a fine soldierly man, some twenty years my senior, but with whom I had always been on terms of intimacy.

After a brief chat, he asked me where I was staying, and then invited me to take luncheon with him at the York Hotel.

This I gladly accepted; and, the meal over, we settled down comfortably to our cigars (at least I did; for the Colonel I cannot say quite so much).

He seemed, after the first excitement of our meeting was over, to have grown restless and preoccupied, so much so, in fact, that at length, presuming upon my old freedom, I banteringly asked if anything were the matter.

He replied to my question Dutch fashion by asking another.

"Do you ever go in for Spiritualism now? You took such an interest in it formerly."

"No," I replied. "I gave it up a long time ago."

"Then you were not convinced by what you had seen and heard?"

"I really don't quite know," was my rejoinder. "That there is a great deal of humbug and deception about it I am thoroughly convinced; and, at the same time, that there is very much indeed that cannot be explained is almost equally certain: but where the real leaves off and the unreal begins is more than I can hazard an opinion upon. What do you think, Colonel?"

"I don't know either," he replied, thoughtfully. "Perhaps you have heard of Professor P——?" (giving the name of one of the greatest advocates of the doctrine of the day. I am writing of some ten years ago, remember).

I nodded assent.

Well, he is here. I have doubts and beliefs, as you say you have, but I have been thinking the matter over a great deal lately, and have resolved to put them to the test once and for all to-day. I have made an appointment with him for four o'clock. Will you come also?"

"What are his terms?" I began cautiously.

"Five guineas a sitting."

"Enough quite enough to raise or settle one's doubts for ever. However, as mine want arranging one way or the other, I'll come."

Accordingly, a few minutes before the appointed time, we left the hotel, and proceeded to the house, or rather the rooms (he was only making Bath a halting place) of the Professor.

The Colonel sent up his card and we were immediately ushered into a semi-darkened room containing only a few chairs, a camera, and the artist himself. He advanced to meet us as we entered the room, bowed, and then looked inquiringly at me.

"Captain Farquharson, a friend of mine," began the Colonel.

"Also a believer?"

"Partially so," I here put in hastily. "At least, I have doubts which I am waiting for you to dispel."

He bowed again, and then motioning the Colonel into a chair placed in front of the camera, continued gravely:

"Whether your doubts will be aroused or dispelled is more than I can say—so much depends upon yourselves in a matter like this; for just as my camera is dependent upon the assistance of the sun, so am I only an instrument in your hands. However, if you give me, and the subject upon which I am engaged, your undivided attention for the space of a few minutes, the end cannot help but be a successful one."

He spoke earnestly and with the quiet force of a man who believes perfectly in the truth of the words he utters.

"Now, gentleman," he continued, "I want you to concentrate your whole powers of thought upon the person you wish depicted. I need scarcely tell you that it must be upon one who has already joined the land of the spirits. I am, as I said once before, only an instrument in your hands, and upon your powers of will rests entirely the failure or success of the whole undertaking. Are you ready?"

"I am ready."

Something in the tone of the Colonel's voice made me look up and regard him attentively. Yes, there was no doubt about his being ready.

He was leaning forward a little in his chair, his eyes slightly downcast, while every muscle in his body seemed rigid and immovable.

A wonderful will-power the man possessed: and yet with it all he was tender and merciful as a woman.

No wonder that he gained the entire trust and confidence of the men under his command, while amongst women he was simply idolised; and yet he had never married.

Once or twice, with the rashness of youth, I had felt tempted to chaff him upon the subject, but something, I cannot quite explain what, had held me back; and so the question of his celibacy was still unasked.

The sharp click of the cap being placed on the camera, and a heavy, long drawn sigh from the Colonel, brought me back again to the present. He had risen from his chair, and stood now, drawn up to his full height, in the middle of the room.

His face was still set, although the muscles were slowly relaxing, but the eyes had a strange far away look in them that was painful to see.

He shivered slightly, and seemed quite oblivious of my presence as he turned and walked slowly towards the chair I had just vacated.

At this moment the Professor returned from his inner sanctum, and, glancing across at me, said: "Your turn now, sir."

An uncanny sort of feeling seemed to come over me, and I could not help wishing that I let the entire thing alone.

But I could not now draw back with credit to myself or my profession either; so I took the empty chair with the air and resignation of a martyr, devoutly hoping that my face gave no indication of the tumult raging within.

"Are you ready, sir?"

"Quite ready," and, with the words, I tried to give myself up thoroughly to the undertaking, keeping my mind fixed upon a brother who had died some years previously in Canada, and of whom (to the regret of us all, but more especially of my mother, whose youngest son he was) we had no portrait.

The next few seconds I cannot clearly describe. To say that I felt hot and cold by turns, and that every vein in my body seemed at bursting point, is nothing compared with the uncomfortable sensations that seemed to possess me. It was really horrible, and I had to use my utmost force of control to keep myself from groaning aloud.

Suddenly the welcome click of the cap told me I might be off guard once more," and beating a somewhat hasty and unsoldier-like retreat from my present position, am not ashamed to confess that I felt quite glad to see the face of my old friend the Colonel again.

He seemed to have quite recovered from the effects of his sitting, as, with a friendly nod, he pushed forward a chair for my use.

"I don't quite like it," I began—but at this moment I was interrupted by the return of the Professor, who, holding a negative in his hand, advanced towards the middle of the room.

He held it to the light for a second or two, and then, gently passing his hand over it, addressed the Colonel.

"You are quite sure of the person you wish depicted?"

"Quite sure," came the decided answer.

"Then is this the one you thought of?"

The Colonel took the photograph from his hand deliberately, but after one glance at it, his nerves seemed to have deserted him altogether.

The old dazed look had come back into his eyes and the color fled from cheek and lip as he sank into a chair, muttering hoarsely:

"Merci ul Heaven, it is she—it is she!"

That the shock was a great one there could be no doubt of, but as he still held the photograph in front of him I could not advance to render any assistance, not knowing but that the affair might be one he would prefer keeping to himself.

I did therefore the next best, and, in short, the only thing I could do under the circumstances by trying to recall him to the present.

"You are ill, Colonel. Can I do anything for you?"

He turned and looked at me as I spoke but gave no heed to the question.

However, the expression on his face was neither a startled nor unhappy one, and it could not have been a fancy that the mouth had a softer and tenderer look upon it than usual.

At this moment the Professor returned and, placing the second negative in my hand, whispered as he nodded in the Colonel's direction:

"No failure there, I fancy."

The next moment he might have looked and said the same of me, had I had eyes to see or ears to hear with for standing out boldly from the negative was an exact counterpart of myself, every nerve stretched to its utmost tension and with the wearied and troubled expression that had been only too true an index of the feelings I had experienced in that chair of painful memories.

Walls standing behind me, a little to the right and slightly leaning in my direction, was a perfect likeness of my brother as I had last seen him prior to his departure for America.

Not that this second figure was so distinct and clearly defined as my own—it seemed rather as though a fine and almost imperceptible gauze had been drawn over it; and yet there the figure stood; as easily recognisable to my eyes as it was to those of my mother—to whom, at a later period, and without giving any previous account of the story I am now relating, I showed it.

I was so entirely taken up with the surprise and mystification of my own thoughts as to have forgotten the Colonel altogether until a hand on my shoulder and a voice in my ear recalled me to the present.

"Farquharson, you came here with me against your will, and so it is but fair that I reward you with a sight of the photograph which upset me so much."

As he placed the negative in my hand, I started back in astonishment, for there sat the Colonel as I have before described him, while bending over, and with the action of one who has a pleasant secret to whisper, was the lithe, graceful figure of a colored woman (girl, I ought rather to say, for she could not have counted more than sixteen or seventeen years at the utmost), and a beautiful woman too; with delicate, sensitive nostrils, and happy, smiling lips; but these counted as nothing beside the wonderful depths of the dreamy eyes from which a soul of rare purity and unbounded faith seemed still to be looking out.

"But, Colonel," I began, when surprise would allow me to speak; "this is a colored woman!"

"Yes," he replied, gravely; "she belonged to a little story in my life, and was very dear to me indeed.

And so this accounted for the Colonel's celibacy.

I have my brother's photograph by me now—at my mother's death it was returned to me, for she could never be persuaded to part with it during her lifetime.

And doubtless the Colonel has his also.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

A woman at Great Hill, Conn., finding a snake among her growing cucumbers, took an original way of despatching him. She poured a kettle of boiling water over the intruder, and the dose so used him up that she found no trouble then in finishing him with a whip. He measured, it is said, four feet in length.

There are about thirty electric launches plying on the River Thames, and more are being added almost daily. Even some river house-boats, it is reported, are to be electrically equipped. There is immense interest being felt in this new method of propelling pleasure boats, and the makers are kept busy right along.

A Methodist church at Lowell, Mass., has decided to use water instead of wine in the communion service. One of the members, who had been a drunkard, according to his own statement, and had twice returned to his old habits through the temptation placed in his way at the communion service, was the cause of the change. The minister said he could never pass the wine to him again, and the church unanimously consented to use water instead.

Some interesting facts were furnished some time ago by English hatters respecting the sizes of men's hats. "The size is a mean between the length and breadth of the hat; thus, measurements of seven inches and a half by six inches and a half would give No. 7, and so on. The usual size for an adult Englishman is a No. 7. Germans have round heads. Malays small ones. The heads of Portuguese average from six inches and seven-eighths to seven inches; those of Spaniards are a little larger. The heads of Japanese excel the English average."

It is proposed to form a society with the view of adopting Latin to the requirements of the present day and making it an international language for commercial and other purposes. This is a busy age, in which few of our men of commerce can spare time to gain anything like a thorough practical acquaintance with Latin, and without this international communication in that tongue would be impossible. Besides, would not an attempt to replace Volapuk by Latin excite an agitation by the purists? Would they not say that sufficient barbarous Latin is in use already, and that the line must be drawn somewhere?

Allegheny City has a rich young man whose life is a burden to him because he has nothing to employ his time. A happy thought struck him a week ago, and, going to the proprietor of a man's furnishing store, he offered his services without recompense. He had enough money, but he wanted work. His offer was accepted. The young fellow enjoyed the change for a few days, until his fellow employes discovered he was working without pay. They at once held an indignation meeting and decided that they would be ruined by the cheap labor of rich men. A vigorous protest was made to the proprietor of the store, and to avert a strike he sent a note yesterday to the Alleghenian telling him his occupation was gone.

A naval review of the old-fashioned Chinese sort took place last month at Foo Choo. The part of the river where it took place was crowded with boats full of spectators, while the bridge was thronged to the uttermost. On the eve of the review, while the braves were exhibiting their prowess before their commander, a wooden veranda constructed for him and his friends gave way and over 40 of them were drowned. On the day of the review one of the stone rails of the bridge gave way, owing to the pressure of the crowd, and 15 men were drowned. The mandarins who witnessed the review were delighted with the tactics of their braves, which consisted chiefly of attacks on the enemy's junks, during which the braves, with life buoys, threw themselves into the river, swam to the hostile junks, and went through the motions of setting them on fire.

Our Young Folks.

THE UGLY DUCK.

BY HANS ANDERSEN.

A HIGHLY respectable matronly duck introduces into the poultry yard a brood which she has just hatched.

She has had a great deal of trouble with one egg much larger than the rest, and which, after all, produced a very "ugly duck," who gives the name and is the hero of the story.

"So we are to have this tribe, too!" said the other ducks, "as if there were not enough of us already! And only look how ugly one is—we won't suffer that one here." And immediately a duck flew at it and bit it on the neck.

"Let it alone," said the mother, "it does no one any harm."

"Yes, but it is so large and strange looking, and therefore it must be teased."

"These are fine children that the mother has!" said an old duck who belonged to the noblesse, and wore a red rag around his leg. "All handsome, except one; it has not turned out well. I wish she could change it."

"That can't be done, your grace," said the mother, besides, if it is not exactly pretty, it is a sweet child, and swims as well as the others, even a little better. I think in growing it will improve. It was long in the shell, and that's the reason it's a little awkward."

"The others are nice little things," said the old duck, "now make yourself quite at home here."

And so they did. But the poor young duck that had come just out of the shell, and looked so ugly, was bitten, and pecked, and teased by ducks and fowls. "It's so large," said they all; and the turkey cock that had spurs on when he came into the world, and therefore thought himself an emperor, strutted about like a ship under full sail, went straight up to it, gobbled, and got quite red.

The poor little duck hardly knew where to go, or where to stand, it was so sorrowful, because it was so ugly, and the ridicule of the whole poultry yard.

Thus passed the first day, and afterwards it grew worse and worse. The poor duck was hunted about by every one—its brothers and sisters were cross to it and always said, "I wish the cat would get you, you frightful creature!" and even its mother said, "would you were far from here!" And the ducks bit and the hens pecked at it, and the girl that fed the poultry kicked it with her foot. So it ran and flew over the hedge.

On it ran. At last it came to a great moor, where wild ducks lived; here it lay the whole night, it was so tired and melancholy.

In the morning up flew the wild ducks, and saw their new comrade. "Who are you!" asked they; and our little duck turned on every side, and bowed as well as it could. "But you are tremendously ugly!" said the wild ducks. "However, that is of no consequence to us, if you don't marry into our family." The poor thing! It certainly never thought of marrying; it only wanted permission to lie among the reeds, and to drink the waters of the marsh.

"Bang! bang!" was heard at this moment, and several wild ducks lay dead among the reeds, and the water was red as blood. There was a great shooting excursion. The sportsmen lay all around the moor; and the blue smoke floated like a cloud through the darkness, and sunk down to the very water; and the dogs spattered about in the marsh—splash! splash! reeds and rushes were waving on all sides; it was a terrible fright for the poor duck.

At last all was quiet; but the poor little thing did not yet dare lift its head; but it waited many hours before it looked around, and then hastened away from the moor as soon as possible. It ran away over the fields and meadows, but there was such a wind that it could hardly get along.

Towards evening the duck reached a hut. Here dwelt an old woman, with her tom cat and her hen; and the tom cat could put up its back and purr, and the hen could lay eggs, and the old woman loved them both as her very children. For certain reasons of her own, she let the duck in to live with them.

Now the tom cat was master in the house, and the hen was mistress; and they always said, "We and the world." That the duck should have any opinion of its own, they never would allow.

"Can you lay eggs?" asked the hen.

"No."

"Well, then, hold your tongue."

"Can you put up your back and purr?" said the tom cat.

"No."

"Well, then, you ought to have no opinion of your own, where sensible people are speaking."

And the duck sat in the corner, and was very sad; when suddenly he took it into his head to think of the fresh air and the sunshine, and it had such an inordinate longing to swim on the water, that it could not help telling the hen of it.

"What next, I wonder," said the hen, "you have nothing to do, and so you sit brooding over such fancies. Lay eggs, or purr, and you'll forget them."

"But it is so delightful to swim on the water!" said the duck—"so delightful when it dashes over one's head, and one dives down to the very bottom."

"Well, that must be a fine pleasure!" said the hen. "You are crazy, I think. Ask the cat, who is the cleverest man I know, if he would like to swim on the water, or perhaps to dive, to say nothing of myself. Ask our mistress, the old lady, and there is no one in the world cleverer than she is; do you think that she would much like to swim on the water, and for the water to dash over her head?"

"Understand, indeed! if we don't understand you, who should? I suppose you won't pretend to be cleverer than the tom cat, or our mistress, to say nothing of myself!—Don't behave in that way, child; but be thankful for all the kindness that has been shown you. Have you not got into a warm room, and have you not the society of persons from whom something is to be learned. But you are a blockhead, and its tiresome to have to do with you. You may believe what I say; I am well disposed towards you, I tell you what is disagreeable, and it is by that one recognizes true friends."

"I think I shall go into the wide world," said the duckling.

"Well then, go!" answered the hen.

And so the duck went. It swam on the water. It dived down; but was disregarded by every animal on account of its ugliness.

One evening—the sun was setting most magnificently—there came a whole flock of large, beautiful birds out of the bushes; never had the duck seen anything so beautiful.

They were of a brilliant white, with long slender necks; they were swans. They uttered a strange note, spread their superb long wings, and flew away from the cold countries, (for the winter was setting in) to warmer climes and unfrozen lakes. The little duck felt indescribably—it turned round in the waters like a mill wheel, and uttered a cry so loud and strange that it was afraid even of itself.

Oh, the beautiful birds! the happy birds! it could not forget them; and when it could see them no longer, it dived down to the very bottom of the water, and when it came up again, it was quite beside itself.

And now it became so cold! But it would be too sad to relate all the sufferings and misery which the duckling had to endure through the cold winter.

It lay on the moor in the rushes. But when the sun began to shine again more warmly, when the larks sang, and the lovely spring had come, then, all at once it spread out its wings, and rose in the air.

They made a rustling noise, louder than formerly and bore it onward more vigorously; and before it was well aware of it, it found itself in a garden, where the apple-trees were in blossom, and where the syringas sent forth their fragrance, and their long green branches hung down in the clear stream.

Just then three beautiful white swans came out of the thicket. They rustled their feathers, and swam on the water so lightly—oh! so very lightly! The duckling knew the superb creatures, and was seized with a strange feeling of sadness.

"To them I will fly," it said, to the royal birds. "Tho' they kill me, I must fly to them!" And it flew into the water, and swam to the magnificent birds, that looked at, and, with rustling plumes, swam towards it.

"Kill me!" said the poor creature, and bowed down its head to the water, and awaited death. But what did it see in the water? It saw beneath it, its own likeness; but no longer that of an awkward, grey-lish bird, ugly and displeasing—it was the figure of a swan!

It is of no consequence being born in a farm yard, if only it is a swan's egg.

The large swans swam beside it, and stroked it with their bills. There were little children running about in the garden; they threw bread into the water, and the youngest one cried out, "There is a new one!" And the other little children shouted too, "yes, a new one is come!" and they clapped their hands and danced, and ran to tell their father and mother. And they threw bread and cake into the water, and every one said, "the new one is the best! so young and so beautiful!"

Then the young one felt quite ashamed and hid its head under its wing—it knew not what to do; it was too happy, but yet not proud, for a good heart is never proud.

It remembered how it had been persecuted and derided, and now it heard all say it was the most beautiful of birds. And the syringas bent down their branches to it in the water, and the sun shone so lovely and so warm. Then it shook its plumes, the slender neck was lifted up, and from its very heart it cried rejoicingly, "Never dreamed I of such happiness when I was the ugly little duck!"

AT SEA.

BY B. KER.

HURRAH, Maudie! Here's a piece of good fortune! Why, a great Hindoo prince, with ever such a large retinue is coming on board this very steamer; and we must see a great deal of him, for he is going all the way from Madras to Calcutta with us, and the captain says that by-and-by he'll introduce all the saloon passengers to him."

"Who is he? what's his name?" cried Maud excitedly.

"His Highness the Maharajah of Vizianagram. He's awfully rich, and has millions' worth of the most magnificent jewels in the world. The captain says that at the last reception the viceroy gave at Government House, the Maharajah of Vizianagram was literally covered with diamonds. But, hark! there are saluting guns banging away in his honour. He must be coming aboard the ship; let's run to the gangway and watch him."

Roger and Maud, with their mother, were going out to join their father, who had just got appointed to an unusually healthy situation in India. Their voyage had been a long one, and they were commencing to get very weary of ship board life when the news of a real live Eastern prince coming aboard that very steamer sent them into ecstasies of delight.

His Highness the Maharajah of Vizianagram was indeed a personage to be remembered, as he stepped on to the quarter-deck, gracefully salaaming (bowing) to the crowd of passengers around the gangway.

He was tall and very finely built, and had a most princely bearing. His skin was soft and fine, much lighter than that of the ordinary native, and his features were strikingly handsome. His large black eyes expressed intellect and kindness of heart, and his magnificent black moustache would have been envied by many a man.

His highness wore a silver cap; his coat and knickerbockers were of fine white Indian muslin, and he had had a scarf of the same material thrown across his shoulder. His sixty retainers were dressed in all sorts of bright colored costumes, and many wore scarlet, gold, and white turbans.

After the Maharajah had been shown into the best cabin that the ship could offer him, and the vessel was fairly under way, Roger came rushing up to his little sister again, more excited than ever,

"Maudie," cried he, "you know it's the eclipse of the moon to-night, and the quartermaster says the captain has been telling him that the Hindoos make a grand to-do about it in a religious sort of way, and the Maharajah has given thousands of rupees to have the ship stopped for three hours, while he goes through religious ablutions and all sorts of things."

"He wanted to have a boat ready for him to get into and be lowered into the water, but they said that that wasn't safe, so the gangway is to be left as it is, and the Maharajah is going to haul up water in a bucket with his own hands. And then he is going to throw over so many bags of gold and silver into the sea."

"The quartermasters and stewards have strict orders not to let any of the passengers or crew be on deck at the time; but Maudie, our cabin is just under the gangway, and we'll manage to see something of the show somehow, won't we, old lady?"

Night came on; the steamer's engines ceased thumping, and all was still as death, except the gentle lapping of the water against the side of the vessel. The two children crept from their beds, and both little heads were thrust out of the port.

"It's very dark; I can't see one single bit."

"Of course we can't when the moon is eclipsed."

"I have it though!" whispered Roger to his sister, as he gently slipped down the window.

In a few minutes he returned, and Maud fancied she saw something white in his hand.

Splash! splash!

"Is that the bucket or the money bags?" whispered Maud.

"I'll tell you directly. Here we are! Hurrah, I've got it!" cried Roger in a hoarse whisper, and he placed something very heavy in Maud's hand.

Just then a bright star glimmered through the dark clouds, and Maud saw sparkling gold pieces at the mouth of the bag, which had got loosened in its fall from the deck.

"What is it? What have you done Roger?" cried she, in horror.

"Hush! They'll hear us. Why, I only wanted to see whether the Maharajah really would throw gold into the sea, so I put out my strongest fishing net, and you see what I have caught."

"You wicked, wicked boy! I shall throw it into the sea at once;" and splash it went into the dark water.

It was fortunate for both children that just at that moment another bag was also flung from above, or else the Maharajah, hearing the plash, and knowing that it was not caused by him, might have made unpleasant inquiries, the next morning.

On the afternoon of the next day the passengers were highly entertained by one of the Maharajah's chief "bearers" showing them some of his magnificent jewelry. There are diamonds, larger than the Koh-i-noor, set in rings, and emeralds twice as large as those. One particular bracelet had belonged to the Emperor Aurungzebe. The pearl necklaces were the most beautiful of all. Many of the pearls were as large as grapes, and perfectly rounded. Large sapphires, too, were pierced like beads, and strung together as necklaces.

The Maharajah talked English fluently and was very agreeable to the passengers, though on account of his religion he could not take his meals with them. In fact, he ate nothing but dried figs and raisins the whole time he was on board the ship so strict was he in obeying every rule of his creed. But what delighted the children most was his promise of inviting them to his palace at Vizianagram, and showing them what tiger-hunting was like.

RULES FOR A CLEAR SKIN.—You want to keep your skin nice all summer? Well, then here are some rules for you:

Don't bathe in hard water, soften it with a few drops of ammonia, or a little borax.

Don't bathe your face while it is very warm, and never use very cold water for it.

Don't wash your face when you are traveling, unless it is with a little alcohol and water, or a little vaseline.

Don't attempt to remove dust with cold water; give your face a hot bath, using plenty of good soap, then give it a thorough rinsing with water that has had the chill taken off of it.

Don't rub your face with a coarse towel; just remember it is not made of cast-iron, and treat it as you would the finest porcelain—gently and delicately.

Don't use a sponge or linen rag for your face, choose instead a flannel one.

Don't believe you can get rid of wrinkles by filling in the crevices with powder. Instead give your face a Russian bath every night; that is, to bathe it with water so hot that you wonder how you can stand it, and then, a minute after, with cold water that will make it glow with warmth; dry it with a soft towel, and go to bed, and you ought to sleep like a baby while your skin is growing firmer and coming from out of the wrinkles, and you are resting.

HOW TO ROLL AN UMBRELLA.—"Certainly, but you don't need any," said a salesman yesterday to a customer who had just bought an umbrella and who had asked for a rubber ring.

"But I want to keep the ends of the ribs from spreading when the umbrella is rolled up," and the customer held up for inspection the umbrella he had just rolled.

"Let me show you," said the salesman, as he unfastened the band and shook out the folds. Grasping the stick so that his right hand held the ends of the ribs close to the wood, he began rolling the silk in the curve of his left hand. Whenever he gave the umbrella a turn he kept the ribs in their original position, and when the rolling was complete he held up the umbrella, and showing that the metal tips pressed as closely to the stick as if riveted in place.

CHANGE.

BY J. C. M.

In the Summer golden,
When the forests olden
Shook their rich tresses gaily in the morn;
And the lark upflew,
Sprinkling silver dew
Down from its light wing o'er the yellow corn;
When every blessing
Seem'd the earth caressing,
As though 'twere fondled by some love sublime,
Strong in her youthful hope,
Upon the sunny slope
A maid sat, dreaming o'er the happy time,—
Dreaming what blissful heights were hers to climb.

In the Winter dreary,
When the willow, weary,
Hung sad and silent o'er the frozen stream;
And the trembling lark
Murmur'd, cold and stark,
In wailful pathos o'er its vanish'd dream;
When the bleak winds linger'd,
And dead flowerets finger'd,
When all earth's graces, pale and coffin'd, slept,
With joys for ever flown,
In the wide world alone,
Over a broken faith a maiden wept,—
Yet, with unswerving love, true vigil kept.

CURIOSITIES OF GAMBLING.

There lives in an English manufacturing town a gentleman whose hair and beard are of such extensive growth that he cannot move abroad without drawing after him groups of boys and girls, who, though his figure is a well known one in the neighborhood, always look on him in wonderment.

Strangers meeting this hirsute figure in the streets conclude that he is a harmless lunatic, and have been known to offer to defray the charges of a barber.

He is, however, no lunatic, but a doctor, whose skill in surgery is widely recognized, and who, except in the matter of hair, reveals no eccentricity.

Nineteen years ago, he was a smart young man, with a clean-shaven face and a tendency to be ahead of, rather than behind, the fashion in dress. His present repulsive appearance, as every resident knows, is the result of a wager.

During the Franco German War, he made a bet, to which was attached the condition that the loser should allow his hair and beard to grow until the French army entered Berlin.

Nineteen years have not removed the penalty, and if certain critics of foreign affairs are to be trusted, this medical man will go to his grave still fulfilling the condition of his wager.

Bets quite as absurd are often made in times of social and political excitement, though few are so continuous in their effects, or are fulfilled so scrupulously.

Every election brings to light some curiosity of gambling. We read of men who put themselves under penalties to abstain from specified articles of food, such as beef, or luxuries like tobacco, that have become almost necessities, in the event of the failure of their candidates. Each presidential election has its record of not a few ingenious, amusing, or ridiculous wagers.

A practical and favorite stake in the last contest was a trip to Europe, the winner selecting the route, and the loser paying the hotel and railway bills. In this case, the loser shared the pleasure, even if he took all the pain—compensation that was denied to the victims who undertook to walk on "all fours" to the railway station every morning for a week, or to stand in Broadway, New York, hat in hand, for a certain number of hours.

A similar spirit is doubtless the cause of many of the eccentric visits that are being paid to Paris during the Exhibition. Every now and again a correspondent announces that two, three, or more people have set out from a remote village on the Continent, and are making their way to Paris in wheel-barrows, perambulators, or other machines usually devoted to less ambitious purposes.

Some of these travelers may be toiling after fame, though the majority, not excluding the young lady who is riding unattended from Siberia, and the two Austrian officers who travel on each other's back, are moved by more mercenary desires. They have, no doubt, in view the same object as the man who some time ago scandalized the early risers of Cavendish Square by mounting the equestrian statue unattired.

Greed of gain, coupled with a good conceit of his powers and belief that fortune will favor him as his merits deserve, often impels a man to act in a manner that would qualify him for admission into Hanwell.

One of the most amusing examples, which a writer has elaborated with much humor, is that of the landlord who made a bet with two of his guests that he would sit for an hour in front of a clock, and would no nothing except keep time with the pendulum by nodding his head and saying, 'Here she goes, and there she goes"

The guests made use of the hour to escape without paying their score, and the family of the dupe were with difficulty persuaded of his sanity. It is true, his conduct on discovering that he had been overreached was not calculated to assist them to a decision in his favor.

The passion for gambling is confined to no particular nation or age. Upon some people it takes so firm and complete a hold that they seem never to think of any legitimate means of making money.

To this class belonged Emile Dupressoir, who, as lessor of gaming tables, earned the brevet rank of "King of Baden-Baden," and added to his questionable celebrity by an offer to pay the whole of the war indemnity demanded by Germany if he might build a gaming house on the site of the French Ministry of Finance, which was destroyed during the Commune.

Like many more, Dupressoir lost his vast fortune in luckless ventures, and died almost in poverty. In his rise, as well as in his fall, the "King of Baden-Baden" resembled that great financial bubble, John Law, under whose magic wand men and women tumbled from garrets into carriages, and noblemen, like the young Flemish count, Horn, were driven to murder. If any one has doubts about the far reaching and baneful effects that worship of the Goddess Chance has upon the industry, the morality, and the stability of a nation, he will be speedily convinced by a glance at the history of Law's transactions in Paris, or by observation of the condition of people among whom prevails that insidious, though legalized, form of gambling, the lottery.

The tragic side of the fever in France during the time when John Law flourished there has often been presented. There were, however, several amusing phases. The rush was so great, and the accommodation so limited, that, in the course of a few days, a hump backed man acquired $750,000 by letting out his hump as a writing desk to the brokers, while a cobbler earned no less than $1 000 a day by supplying pens and paper and seats in his stall, formed of planks set against a garden wall.

Gambling was, in fact, carried to such a pitch that men lost all appreciation of the value of money, and it is said to have been not uncommon for one person to lose or win a million in a day. Such was the prodigality of the suddenly enriched that one of them paid $1,000 for a single dish at dinner, and in three months the silversmiths of Paris made no fewer than 120,000 dozen plates, valued at $36,000,000.

There was, of course, a social unheaval. The cook of yesterday was the fine lady of to day, and many are the stories told of her exploits in the "upper circles."

Grains of Gold.

He that liveth not well one year sorrows for it seven.

The heart has some reasons which reason does not know.

Chance is a word void of sense; nothing can exist without cause.

We usually learn to wait when we have no longer anything to wait for.

It is much easier to suppress a first desire than to satisfy those which follow.

Graceful manners are the outward form of refinement in the mind, and good affections in the heart.

Vanity eludes recognition by its victims in more shapes, and more pleasing, than any other passion.

You shall be none the worse to morrow for having been happy to-day, if the day bring no action to shame it.

Anxiety in human life is what squeaking and grinding are in machinary that is not oiled. In life trust is the oil.

It will not be long before you will have forgotten all the world, and in a little time all the world will have forgotten you.

While in all things that we see or do we are to desire perfection and strive for it, we are nevertheless not to set the meaner thing in its narrow accomplishment above the nobler thing in its mighty progress.

Femininities.

Everything repeats itself, even lies are born again.

Chicago philanthropists propose to pension schoolteachers after 25 years of service.

Mrs. Houghton, real estate dealer at Spokane Falls, Mich., is said to have made $250,000 in four years.

A woman buried at New Madrid, Mo., a few days ago, weighed 750 pounds. There were 16 active pall bearers.

Young women are egoists, small minded, ignorant of true friendships, loving only themselves, sacrificing everything for success.

A flirting woman can cause more trouble to mankind than a devastating army, but she is very much nicer than the devastating army after all.

The census epumerator at East Andover, N. H., made the acquaintance of a man and his wife who were rejoicing over the birth of their 25th child.

Mrs Eva B Hart, who died near Syracuse, N. Y., recently, at the reputed age of 113, smoked as far back as any of her children can remember.

There is a magic in marriage even when it is an incomplete marriage, and the woman who is bullied will turn on her son or her daughter for daring to interfere.

She, enthusiastically: "Oh, George, don't you think the greatest joy in life is the pursuit of the good, the true and the beautiful?" He: "That's what I am here for."

It is observable that ladies frequent tragedies more than comedies; the reason may be that in tragedy their sex is deified and adored; in comedy exposed and ridiculed.

Mrs. Yerger, to colored servant: "Do you know when Colonel Yerger came home last night?" Sam: "I dunno, mum, but when I tuck his boots at seben o'clock dey was warm."

"Ethel, I'm engaged to Harry De Rotch. He couldn't get out of it last night." "You dear, clever girl! I made him propose to me, too, on Tuesday evening, and between us what a time we can have with him!"

During a marriage ceremony recently in a church at Christianburg, Va., a goat deliberately walked in and interrupted the ceremony by giving the groom a grand send-off with his head. The bride fled to the pulpit for safety.

A farmer in northern Maine recently drank three bottles of Jamaica ginger to drive away the "blues." He afterward went to sleep in the barn, and a cow laid down on him and broke two of his ribs, and he has not been able to do any work since.

A woman who has just died at Olen, Hungary, 30 years ago, lost her lover through breaking a promise she made him not to go into the streets on a certain feast day. She thereupon decided never again to go out of doors, and it is said she lived up to the resolution.

The little Princess Elizabeth of Austria, the daughter of the late Crown Prince, can't take outings with her mother, Princess Stephanie, because, by the will of her father, she must always remain in the immediate neighborhood and under the eye of her grandfather, the Emperor.

At the recent funeral in San Francisco of young Edward Coogan (shot by a Mr. Kerr), one of the "floral tributes" was a revolver of violets, marked "C. of Y. D."—Cause of Your Death. It was sent by a young woman, described as "the daugh... of a wealthy business man."

"You should never point, Johnny," said Mrs. de Browne, as they left the shop,—"it is very rude!" "But what are you to do, mamma, when you don't know the name of the thing you want to see?" "Why, let the shopman show you everything in the shop till he comes to the right one."

A courageous woman in Galesburg, Mich., heard burglars downstairs the other night. She shouldered a gun, cautiously slipped below, and before the men knew what was going on, they stood looking into the black depths of the weapon. She thereupon called for help and now has the rascals in jail awaiting trial.

A sick lady in Palmyra, Mo., recently received from a relative in Boston two bottles, one containing whisky and the other brandy, and not a person in the neighborhood could tell which was which, until some one found an old lady who had worked in her youth in a hotel, where she had acquired the desired knowledge.

A woman of 54 at Bourbon, Ind., is said to have been a bride no less than 19 times. She first married when 16 years old. Her last husband was an Indiana judge, whom she married in 1889, and from whom she has since been divorced. Four of her husbands died and from four others she was divorced. Of the remaining two "little is known."

The other day a North Carolina woman started for the haymow to see how a hen was getting along that was setting on some eggs. On entering the barn the woman was surprised to see the old hen taking her chicks down herself. She would pick one up in her mouth, fly down with it, lay it down, and continue the process until she carried them all down, 13 in number.

The celebrated German remedy for burns consists of fifteen ounces of the best white glue, broken into small pieces in two pints of water and allowed to become soft; then dissolve it by means of a water bath and add two ounces of glycerine and six drams of carbolic acid; continue the heat until thoroughly dissolved. On cooling this hardens to an elastic mass, covered with a shining, parchment-like skin.

A remarkable freak of lightning was observed near Martin's Point, S. C., lately. A negro woman was sitting in her house with a 2-year-old child in her lap. Her husband was standing on the opposite side of the room. A thunder storm was in progress and a stroke of lightning descended upon the house. The child was instantly killed, its father severely shocked, while the mother was not injured or even shocked by the stroke. The same bolt of lightning killed a workman in a field near the house.

Masculinities.

Learning makes a man fit company for himself.

Why is it that the blunt man generally says the most sharp things?

An Adrian, Mich., photographer can converse, it is said, in 20 languages.

Unless a man has a character that won't show dirt, he had better keep out of politics.

In the new Chicago Directory just issued there are 2733 Smiths, 240 of them being John Smiths.

A "Jack the Spitter" has appeared in Santa Rosa, Cal. He makes store windows his target.

The college graduate is now looking about him for a job. It is the saddest period of his life.

We are not so easily guided by our most prominent weaknesses, as by those of which we are least aware.

"And now," said the colored preacher, "let us pray for de people on de uninhabited portions of de earth."

A cat, owned by a West Chester grocer, follows him about town, usually running under the wagon like a dog.

A thrifty citizen of Maine has paid all his taxes this year by means of the bounties given in return for crows' heads.

A Vienna suicide of genius painted his initials and three crosses on a barrel of vinegar, and then drowned himself inside.

Billings: "Well, my boy, are you satisfied with married life?" Benedict: "Satisfied? Why, I am perfectly satiated with it."

Ten years ago there were 200 000 commercial travelers in the United States. The census this year will probably show 400 000.

Here's a conundrum for this hot weather. "When a young man steals a kiss, does he take the same from the girl or give it to her?"

No man, for any considerable period, can wear one face to himself and another to the multitude, without finally getting bewildered as to which may be true.

She: 'It will be a pleasure for me to share your troubles and anxieties." He: "But I haven't any." She: 'Oh, you will have when we are married!"

Take heed of the arrow—it flies noiselessly and penetrates as noiselessly; yet it inflicts an almost incurable wound and kills suddenly—this arrow is nothing else than vain-glory.

General Fremont never wore glasses. His eyes were as sharp and clear as a young man's. He was perfect physically, and appeared at least 20 years younger than most men of his age.

It is not without reason that fame is rewarded only after death. The dust cloud of notoriety which follows and envelopes the men who drive with the wind bewilders contemporary judgment.

A farmer in Warwick, R. I., finding that words wouldn't induce a gang of tramps to leave his yard, overturned a hive of bees. His visitors then departed in a hurry, some of them taking with them very unpleasant reminders of the call.

A bridal couple in Springfield, Mass., were so anxious to avoid the curious glances of the neighbors on leaving the house that they climbed over the back yard fence, and passing through the adjoining yard, entered the carriage, which was in waiting on the next street.

A tramp whose intellectual calibre was far above his profession was recently found at Bangor, Me. His only baggage was a small but choice collection of books, including "The Confessions of Jean Jacques Rousseau," the works of Balzac, Dumas, a copy of Shakspeare and the Iliad.

"I know a man," said a dinner fellow of mine, "who uses but one pencil a year, and he has much use for a pencil, too. He is careful in using it, and along about December he has a hard struggle to write with it, it is so short, but he hangs on to it until January 1st, when he buys another. It is merely a whim."

Stranger, to Arizona citizen: "What's wrong in this town? It's as quiet as a graveyard." "A big calamity, stranger. Colonel Hicks is dead, and I don't see how we'll get along without him." "Why? Was he necessary to the town?" "Necessary? Guess so, stranger. He was the only man in these parts that could make a hangman's knot."

A New Orleans paper has discovered a beautiful farm just back of Ocean Springs, Miss., where no one is allowed to use a whip on any of the stock. "It is said that there is but one old whip on the farm, probably a relic of some other owner, but the old whip is not used, and the farm does well and the animals work with a will. Kindness can run anything, even a farm."

An eminent physician has lately discovered that excessive whip cracking is an early and infallible symptom of homicidal mania. The calman who is the victim of this terrible disease cracks his whip because the sound reminds him of the crack of a revolver, and while he is engaged in the act he is gloating over the men and women whom, in his diseased imagination, he is shooting down.

The census enumerators found one town in the heart of a rich country which has added only 12 persons to the population in 10 years. This is Gilroy, in Santa Clara county, Cal., the centre of a great wheat country. The main reason for the stationery position of the town is that the land is held by large owners in ranches of many thousand acres, and no encouragement is offered to small farmers.

Two Bangor young men were coming out of a saloon the other day, which is run under the guise of a restaurant, when they saw two young ladies whose good opinion of themselves they desired to retain. One of the youths showed great presence of mind by pulling out a toothpick, at the same time remarking to his companion: "Well, now that we've had dinner, what shall we do?" "Go to dinner," said his thick-witted friend. The young ladies smiled, as the youths had previously done, and the scheme failed ignominiously.

Recent Book Issues.

"Practical Sanitary and Economic Cooking, adapted to Persons of Moderate and Small Means," by Mrs. Mary Hinman Abel, is a very useful little book on "The Five Food Principles, Illustrated by Practical Recipes." Published by the American Public Health Association, Rochester, New York.

"The Stories of the Three Burglars," by the famous novelist, Frank R. Stockton, certainly ranks among his best efforts. His quaint humor, and originality of language, plot, and idea have ample scope in this entertaining volume, and a more agreeable work of its kind does not exist. Beautifully printed in very large clear type and nicely bound. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

Another of those German stories that are so popular with a large class of novel readers for the simplicity of their style, purity of sentiment, deep interest of narrative, and the excellence of their literary and artistic merit, has been translated after W. Heimburg by Mrs. J. W. Davis. The novel is entitled "Lucie's Mistake," and is the story of a girl who was betrothed to a most worthy young physician, who loved her devotedly, and whose love she fully reciprocated, until a wealthy young widow, who had been Lucie's favorite schoolmate in earlier years, and whom she had again met near the time set for her marriage, filled her head with high notions, and Lucie broke off her engagement to become her friend's traveling companion. The doctor readily released the foolish girl, but could never banish her from his heart. How her mistake was fully realized and what followed the reader will be very eager to ascertain. It is illustrated with several fine full page photogravures. Published by the Worthington Company, New York; price, $1.25.

ACTING ON THE LAWYER'S HINT.—They tell a good story of a prominent counsellor at-law, which has thus far escaped the types but it is really too good to be enjoyed only by the brethren of the bar, as it passes around the circle.

He was engaged as counsel for a railroad corporation, defending it on trial at circuit, against a claim for personal injuries, in which another prominent legal firm were attorneys for the plaintiff, and had made a good case.

Our worthy friend saw that a verdict against his client would be inevitable, so he endeavored to "mitigate the damages" by adopting a novel line of argument to the jury.

He assured them that the injuries to the plaintiff's person were trivial and that no action would have been brought if the opposing counsel had not urged it, and that they might rest assured that whatever amount they would assess against the corporation defendant—at least one-half of it would be gathered in by the attorneys.

When the jury went out they were not long in agreeing that the plaintiff was entitled to recover, and the sum was fixed in the verdict rendered at $7000.

It was subsequently learned that the jurors had first fixed it at $3500, when one of the jurors remarked:

"Do you mind what Mr.——said that——A——(naming plaintiff's attorneys) would git half the amount, and, as half of $3500 would not be enough, why not double it?"

"Gentlemen, shall we make it $7000 then?" queried the foreman, and all nodded in acquiescence.

TAKING THE CENSUS IN ENGLAND.—A Londoner on a visit to Chicago explains how the census is taken in the "Old Country." "Blanks," he says, "are delivered at every house, office, hotel and building that is occupied. Instructions as to filling out the lists accompany the blanks, which are delivered by policemen familiar with the different locations. It is ordered that between 11 and 12 o'clock that night a blank shall be made out for every person under the roof at that time. Next morning the blanks are returned and the census has been taken. At the hour designated most of the people are under some roof. Those who work at night are taken at their offices and their families are taken at home. People are taken wherever they happen to be at that hour, and they are cautioned not to be enumerated again. Few errors are made, the work is easy and the expense hardly anything."

H. A. Martin, of Bennington, Vt., has started a novel business by selling privileges to fish in his trout streams, the angler paying so much per pound for the fish he catches.

DOGS AND PIGEONS.

From a toy to a hundred-ton gun, nothing that can serve a military purpose comes amiss to the modern art of war. In the manœuvres held recently in Germany, the use of dogs as despatch bearers was a prominent feature; while the employment of pigeons for the same purpose received the personal supervision of Emperor William.

In France, a novel experiment has been undertaken in the way of training the swallow as a messenger, and it seems to have been thoroughly successful.

The military use of dogs is modern. Riding and pack animals have been utilized in war from the earliest times to ours, with some variations in the methods of employment.

The elephant, that first became known to Europe as an Asiatic war animal, may no longer, clad in armor, carry a turret full of soldiers on his back, or slash at a foe with a scimitar held in his trunk, but he drags artillery or lifts it out of the mire; while the camel carries mountain guns as well as men.

But to give a literal meaning to the phrase "the dogs of war" has been a recent undertaking. Germany was, perhaps, foremost in it, and several years ago dogs were kept in the barrack yard of Goslar for military training. Ten or twelve of them also were attached, about the same time, to the Fourteenth Light Infantry Battalion at Schwerin, and were made to accompany the patrols and sentinels.

When used as messengers, pencilled notes were fastened to their collars, the latter being marked with the company and regiment to which they belonged. As watchdogs it is even said that they have been trained to distinguish a friend from an enemy by the uniform and by the methods of approach.

The best war dogs are said to be pointers, sheep dogs, and poodles. It is certain that the practical Germans would not have kept up military dog-training for years, and made it a prominent feature of the present autumn manœuvres, unless it were of some real service.

The Austrians also have for several years been engaged in this work, and are said to have used these novel recruits in Bosnia and Herzegovina.

The French have tried it too, and when the Seventeenth Army Corps was mobilized some years ago, General Ferron had dogs both at outposts and in quarters, and the sentries and vedettes were accompanied by them, using them both as scouts and for carrying orders.

It can easily be understood how the instinct and intelligence of this faithful animal would be of avail, and that, by putting him on guard with a sentinel, the latter would cover a great deal more ground.

The dog, of his own motion or at a sign from his master, would creep forward stealthy and scout in any direction. Besides this, the military dog carries a sort of despatch book on his collar, and he can take back a message from a sentinel to the main guard, leaving the former to occupy his post of duty, and not creating an alarm.

As to pigeons, their employment as messengers of war dates back to ancient times. Its revival in Europe is largely due to the experience gained in the siege of Paris. The first pigeons were taken out of the besieged city in a balloon, and they carried back the news of its safe arrival.

Others were sent, and, being always carried first to Tours, they established a pigeon post service between that place and Paris.

When the seat of Government was removed to Bordeaux, most of the birds were lost on the long journey, but the value of the system as a military device had become unquestionable.

Germany, France, Austria, Italy, Spain, and Portugal have devoted attention to military pigeon systems, and the Emperor William, not long since, communicated with several cities by means of these winged messengers from his military headquarters.

Other minor devices have been introduced into the military art. Bicycles have become familiar objects in practising manœuvres. Several years ago an organization for this purpose was tried at a French corps mobilization, the wheelmen being armed with revolvers, and having leather wallets for despatches.

In this country, much attention has been given to this appliance. In Canada, the drill of a portion of the troops with snow shoes is a regular feature of the winter, and may obviously prove of practical use in that climate, as the drill on skates may prove for Holland and some other countries. The military art is omnivorous, and from greatest to least it welcomes every appliance which can be made of use.

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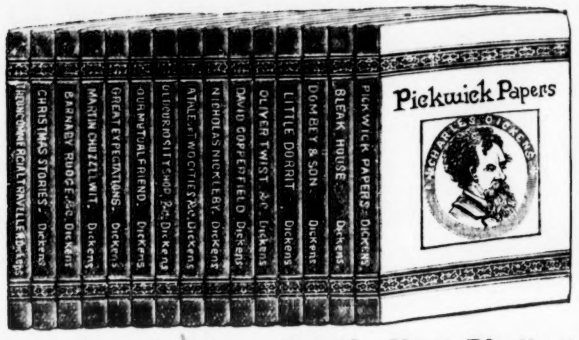

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The Saturday Evening Post,

726 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

TO CLEAN SILVER.—Nothing is really easier than the keeping of silver in good order, and, from its very simplicity, it often seems to be made a trouble of. In the first place, spoons and forks which are in use every day have not the least need of the weekly polishing insisted upon by old fashioned housekeepers.

This too often means superlative brightness for one day, and dingy dulness for the rest of the week, except in the case of extra well-trained servants.

When the silver is taken from the table it should be plunged into a jug of boiling water, with a tiny lump of soda in it; this takes off all greasy matter, and it should then be straightway transferred to a tub of hot soapy water, in which each article should be washed with a piece of flannel.

When taken out of this the spoon or fork must be rubbed dry at once with a soft cloth; if allowed to stand even for a second it becomes smeary and dull.

When all are washed through the suds and well dried, they should be polished with a soft plate leather into which a little dry powder has been rubbed (whitening does as well as anything), then transferred to the basket by means of a soft duster.

Hot hands ruin the brightness of silver. In the case of fluting or raised patterns on the handles a soft old toothbrush is all that is necessary for getting the dirt out. When there are stains from any strong condiments used at table they must, of course, be treated in the orthodox way—by well rubbing in some powder mixed to a paste with water, letting it dry, and then polishing with soft leather.

A MAINE CLERGYMAN, who evidently is somewhat interested in the matter of funeral reform, writes: "Some time ago I attended a funeral which took place on the 'outskirts of civilization.' At the close of the services, as usual in the country, an invitation was given to those present to 'view the remains.' After they had done so the relatives of the deceased went forward to take their last look at the dear, familiar features, and naturally were much affected, some of them sobbing and crying in an audible manner. When all were again seated the person who had charge of the funeral arose and remarked: 'We will now allow the friends a few minutes to git control of their feelin's,' then resumed his seat, while the silence was only broken by the sound of sighs and weeping, which gradually died away. It struck me as an innovation upon the usual funeral customs, but no one there seemed at at all surprised."

A school teacher at Fairfield, Me., has hit upon a plan which greatly alleviates the trials of the district schools in the hot summer months. She moved the whole school out of doors and taught on improvised recitation benches, while the pupils studied on rural desks. The only disturbance was caused by a small boy, who became disinterested in his primer and "shinned" a willow tree while a class was reciting.

First stranger: "Yes, I firmly believe in the influence of heredity. Take my own case for instance. All my ancestors for generations have been men of letters, or have been connected with literature in some way." Second stranger: "And you follow in their footsteps?" First stranger: "Yes I am a book agent."

Humorous.

WHAT SHOULD A YOUNG MAID DO?

Now, what should a young maid do,
If when walking in the lane,
There should come a gust of rain,
And she met a lad she knew,
With an umbrella good and new,
And just wide enough for two—
Now what should a young maid do?
Yes, what should a young maid do?

Now what should a young maid do
If his arms should be misplaced
And should wander round her waist;
And when walking two by two,
Safe and dry, and hid from view,
He should whisper, "I love you."
Now what should a young maid do?
Yes, what should a young maid do?

Now what should a young maid do,
If, when too much dashed to speak,
He should kiss her crimson cheek,
And a thousand vows would give her,
Saying he would love her ever,
And protect her ever, never—
Now what should a young maid do?
Yes, what should a young maid do?

Now, what did the young maid do?
Why, she walked in the lane
Till the young man came again,
And she kissed him for his mother,
And he kissed her for her brother,
And she gave him still another.
What else could the young maid do?
What else could the young maid do?

—U. N. NONE.

Wood-work—Chopping.

The first person singular—Adam.

Bars to matrimony—The front gate.

Strange, is it not, that night falls, but day breaks.

A touching sight—A small boy investigating a newly-painted door.

Professor to pupil whom he has caught mimicking him: "Mr. Jones, if you don't stop acting like a fool I shall send you from the class."

"S range colt, this of yours, Jack."

"How's that?"

"Well, he's young and fresh, and yet he's a chestnut."

Tailors are the most playful paradoxes in the world; why, whenever you may want something new, they will recommend you something that is much worn.

Extract from a sentimental young lady's letter: "Last night I lay in a gondola on Venice's Grand Canal drinking it all in, and like never seemed so full before."

A man told his daughter that if she learned to work he would give her a surprise. She learned the art, and he surprised her by discharging the servant girl.

Tommy: "Pa, may I ask you a question?"

Pa: "Certainly, my child."

Tommy: "Where is the wind when it doesn't blow?"

Brown: "I had my diamond pin stolen last night."

Detective: "How can it be identified?"

Brown: "It had a patent thief safety chain attached."

Paysician: "What is your profession, sir?"

Patient, pompously: "I'm a gentleman."

"Well, you'll have to try something else; it does not agree with you."

A hopeless effort. "What is that on the bald man's crown?"

"That is a fly."

"Is the bald man going to kill it?"

"He is going to try to kill it, but he won't."

Fakir: "Neckties, suspenders, shentle man?"

Brooklyn man, haughtily: "Do I look like a man who'd wear a 20-cent necktie?"

Fakir: "Vell, I haf some for 10 cents, mister."

Lady visitor: "I'm going now, Tommy; wouldn't you like to walk home with me?"

Tommy: "No; I'm afraid I couldn't keep up."

"Could not keep up! Why, child?"

"'Cause I heard mother say you're rather fast."

Wife: "The 30th of November we shall celebrate our silver wedding. Don't you think we ought to kill the fat pig and have a feast?"

Husband: "Kill the pig! I don't see how the unfortunate animal is to blame for what happened 25 years ago."

Boarder: "Mrs. Smith, I am obliged to say that I am afraid your pies will break my false teeth."

Mrs. Smith: "Sir, I made pies before you were born."

"That's just what I suspected."

Johnny, reading aloud a tale of adventure: "And he was cast on a desolate shore and he did not see the face of a man for years."

Sister Kate: "Why, mamma! the poor unfortunate must have been wrecked on the beach where we were last summer. We were there three months, you remember, and didn't see a man the whole time."

Servant: "A newspaper man to interview you, sir."

Candidate: "Tell him I am so hoarse I can't talk."

Servant: "I told him that; but he said he'd ask the questions and you could nod."

Candidate: "Tell him I have a very stiff neck and can't nod."

"I don't see your son about anywhere," said a traveling man to a merchant whom he had called on. "Is he about the city?"

"Yes."

"Pursuing his studies?"

"I think he is pursuing his studies, but from what I can hear I don't think he has much chance of catching up to them."

PUBLIC OPINION.—No intelligent person, looking round upon the motive forces of the world, can fail to recognize the mighty power of public opinion.

Consciously or unconsciously, for good or evil, it is moulding and fashioning every one of us.

A few may laugh at it and brave it in some special case; but the great majority submit to its control and follow its leadings.

What is this public opinion which forms so strong an element in the practical workings o' our lives, and what is the secret of its quiet but irresistible influence? As private opinion is the thought and belief of a single person, so public opinion contains the thoughts and beliefs which the majority of the people of any given time or place hold in common. It may be called the mental habit of the people.

The original impetus to any universal habit was given long ago, starting perhaps in some idea which commended itself to a few, spread from them to others, was taken up later by many, and finally adopted by the majority.

As in animals we know that instinct is the reiterated action of past generations, so in man mental habit is a long continued and, we may say, crystallized action of the mind.

THE ELECTRIC RAILWAY.—With the advantages of the electric railway clearly pointed out, and unquestionably demonstrated in actual practice, it would not be unsafe to hazard the opinion that, in ten years, at the farthest, there will not be a single horse railway in operation, at least in our own country.

The horse will then be once more returned to his legitimate field of labor, and the street-car passenger will be transported at an increased speed, and with all the comforts of easy riding, in cars propelled and lighted by electricity; while it is by no means improbable that, with further work on the line indicated, the passenger may step aboard a train in New York at ten in the morning and eat a five-o'clock dinner in Chicago on the same day.

Enough has been accomplished to show that electricity is destined to be one of the most powerful factors entering into our social conditions, and that the ease of distribution and convenience of power afforded by it must bring forth changes in the social order which are even now hardly realized.

IN A BARBER SHOP.—I watched with considerable interest the other day the tactics of the genius who presides over a down town barber shop.

A full-bearded man came in to have his hair and beard trimmed. He had just got comfortably seated in the chair of an assistant when the genius casually approached. 'Very badly done; very badly done,' he murmured, as he critically inspected the work of his predecessor. Then, turning to the assistant, he said sharply:

"Give this gentleman a seat by the window."

It was done, and the great man sternly demanded his scissors. They were brought by a nimble menial, and then the artist began his work. By the time he had made one snip of the scissors every disengaged barber in the place had gathered round in breathless interest, eager to profit by the object lesson in the art tonsorial.

When all was over, the great man left his subject still covered with clippings of hair, bade an assistant complete the work, and walked off with the air of a man who had performed well a momentous duty.

SOCIAL WELFARE.—All who engage in any pursuit or join in any enterprise need to have a clear conception of its object. The something not yet done which it is desirable should be done and for which they agree to strive must be distinctly pictured in their minds, or their efforts will come to naught. The good shipbuilder mentally sees the finished vessel, with her various accoutrements, all through the long process of her construction; the merchant has a vision of the large and honorable business he proposes to build up; the reformer conceives of a state of society where the vice he is attacking will have passed away; the mother sees her children grown into healthy and happy men and women filling honorable places in society. Life is so many-sided that every earnest individual will have several such conceptions, and upon their truth and clearness will much of his success depend.

THE woman who scolds, the woman who argues each point to the bitter end, the woman who always will have the last word, the woman who tries in any fashion to meet a man on his own ground, stands to lose in the fight, and is a very foolish woman. Not that a good honest fit of anger on righteous occasion, outspoken, genuine, brave, and free from all taunting or meanness, is not effective and useful; but it must be very rare, very well controlled, and must clear off, when its object is attained, into genuine sunshine, never dwindling and muttering off in sulky resentment.

THE introduction of an order in the New Bedford, Mass., Common Council to do away with the ringing of the "nine o'clock bell" at night has given birth to an important issue in that city. The older inhabitants are overcome with horror that the thought of doing away with this time honored and sacred custom should be for a moment entertained. Others, whose rest is often disturbed by the bell, and those who believe that progress is retarded by the survival of such a relic of antiquity, are equally warm in their support of the movement.

CHIEF to an industrious clerk in Government office: "Why didn't you dot the i in the last word of your report last night?" Industrious Clerk: "I beg your pardon; but you see the clock struck four just at that point, and I didn't care to work overtime."

LANDLADY.—"That new boarder needn't try to make me think he is a bachelor. He's either married or a widower." Mitlings.—"How can you tell?" Landlady.—"He always turns his back to me when he opens his pocket book to pay me his board."

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No. 3. Over the crown of the head.

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MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER,
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov. 20, '85. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

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I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
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Ex-Member of Congress, 8th District.

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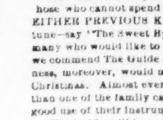

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Latest Fashion Phases.

This summer etamines have sprung into favor as they did some three years ago. And what etamines! exquisitely fine, deliciously embroidered, they are colored in all the lovely shades which the wild flowers offer us.

The soft pale tints of the anemone are especially favored. Venetian etamine, very fine and delicate, in a pale cream tint, has broad four-inch stripes made of seven narrow stripes. Of these, two are pale blue, and two are a delicate brown, separated by three narrow cream stripes, up which wind tiny pompadour garlands in red and green.

A fleelle colored etamine is embroidered all over with a splendid white pattern, imitating Cluny lace. Laid over fleelle colored silk, what a mantle this would make, what skirts (in the the new plain style), what corsages!

Asmodee is the name given to a black etamine, striped at wide intervals with old rose silk bands, an inch wide. Up the etamine stripe winds a curious garland executed in silks of cashmere colors, worked like tapestry into the etamine.

Etamines are prepared with magnificent ornamental panels. The panel is broad, and is edged up each side with narrower bands to match, which are to be used as trimming on the etamine corsage.

Raphael is the name given to a panel for a black etamine dress. Up the centre of the etamine panel is a very broad band of old rose satin, edged up each side with an inch band of black faille.

The pink satin is covered with a splendid design imitating point lace, executed in black velvet and terry velvet. Up each side is a small similar band of satin and lace to trim the corsage.

Some of the most effective designs are to be found in these black etamines and gauzes.

A figured black silk gauze, of fancy texture, has broad black brocade stripes, the flowers of which in places protrude over the silk into the gauze stripe. At intervals are laid a paroquet in green, mauve, bronze and pink silks, made up of leaves and flowers. This design is more elaborate and striking than beautiful, and would have been handsomer without the birds. For a lady's dinner dress however, the material would be highly effective. Fancy etamines with a fancy pattern in the textures are in all colors, with or without stripes. Melrose is a fancy etamine in a vert-de gris shade, with broad woolen stripes brocaded with silk and woolen garlands of conventional flowers and leaves. Over vert-de gris faille this material makes elaborate visiting costumes. A curious fancy etamine is called Guipure. It consists of large ovals in cream etamine, encircled with a thick cord, the ovals being joined together with a sort of guipure netting interwoven with cord. It is new, original, and effective; it needs a foundation of good silk to match.

The ornamental panels for rich woolen dresses are beautiful beyond description. The combinations of color match in beauty the elegance of design. For instance, take the Selma panel, prepared to accompany a fine diagonal woolen in a deep cream shade. Down the centre of the panel is a very broad band of mauve faille worked all over with filigree lace pattern in white. On each side is a band of openwork lace, cream like the diagonal material into which it is woven.

At intervals up the mauve band is laid a lovely full size rose spray, a flower and its leaves, executed in shaded and violet velvet. The narrow bands to trim the corsage have no velvet flowers. It consists of an inch band of mauve silk with a band of lace two and one half inches wide, the same width exactly as that lace edging the broad mauve panel.

For ordinary wear the rough woolens are in fashion, made up into plain skirts. In cream and beige they are good walking costumes. They are usually plain or chequered, and are always of very pale tints.

For the same purpose the sac a raison etamine is employed, a rough etamine, chequered with stripes of woolen, or rather closer etamine; these stripes are also made with a satin-like surface, to resemble silk.

The crossed drapery in one with the tablier over a tight corsage of a second fabric is a favorite style for elegant costumes.

Flowered foulards and crepe de Chine are thus made up over a close fitting dress of Cluny etamine, that is, fine etamine covered with a lace pattern imitating Cluny lace.

Crossed polonaises decidedly hold the front rank for elegance and popularity. Figured foulards are used for an entire dress, as well as in combination, where they are trimmed with lovely ecru embroideries imitating Irish crochet. Embroideries are more in vogue than ever. We embroidered and re-embroidered over all the seams of our outer garments; we shine with tinsel and passementerie.

The ground is generally beige, cream, grey, or white, the stripes being dull or satin-like, in all the best colors we can now produce. Plaid dresses are worn at races, for promenade costumes, and above all for travelling dresses.

Ophelia (mauve), leather, and chocolate, are favorite shades for flowered foulards. Chocolate will be very fashionable this summer, a pale chocolate au lait, parting honors with old pink and violet, among the darker summer shades. In pale tints the delicious anemone shades are the favorites—that dying rose, delicate violet, borrowed from the flowers modistes are so liberally employing.

Mantels and jackets are gems this summer, displaying wonderful taste in materials and coloring. In shape there is little novelty to boast.

The pansy is the favorite flower. Little capotes are being made without crowns, consisting merely of two bands of velvet and a little lace, with a Theodora wreath and a bouquet of wild pansies. Black tulle chapeaux have the crown covered with a mass of pansies in velvet. The crown is draped with bands of colored velvet ribbon, green or mauve being the favorite colors.

The round tulle hat will be much worn this summer, not too large, encircling the face without darkening it.

Straw is either black or of a golden color; straws of other colors are left in the background.

Children's hats are very large, covered with feathers or with draperies and colored tulle.

The Mercury casque is a becoming variety of toque, becoming, that is, to fresh piquant faces. It is of smooth straw, encircled with a rolled drapery of velvet and has two in front arranged to look as much as possible like the wings on Mercury's hat.

Small capotes consists of velvet pleats encircling the head, and draped up close in the centre of the front, beneath a bouquet or a plume. The top of the head is bare.

Never before has been seen so much olive and yellow on hats. Sapphire blue, a color long neglected, is once more in vogue.

Bows of sapphire blue velvet are combined with yellow flowers. On a hat of black lace straw and horse hair, the drapery about the crown, strings and a large bow are sapphire velvet, accompanied with yellow daffodils. A second model in black lace straw, has yellow velvet draperies, a spray of small flowers being made of yellow velvet. A third model, again black, is trimmed with turquoise velvet. A bouquet in front is of daffodils, mixed with two narcissus in black velvet.

Now that most flowers are of velvet the shape of flowers may be copied, but the colors are often merely fanciful. This is a pity. Who ever saw a black flower?

Strange flower combinations are seen. A group of tulips, in brilliant but natural colors, will be mixed with primroses of black velvet with golden hearts. Violets are mixed with conventional ivy leaves.

A very fashionable bouquet is the dandelion flower grouped with the puff of the same flower run to seed.

Floral trimmings are being arranged high; thus the very flat chapeaux have not had a very long lease of life. The flowers are sustained by butterfly bows of tulle or lace on wings of gummed tulle embroidered with jet. These lace and jet arrangements are very pretty. Lace is arranged into tall ears of fringe plumes with great skill and marvellous effect.

Odds and Ends.

ON VARIOUS USEFUL SUBJECTS.

I am so often asked as to what can be done with odd pieces of calico, Turkey twill, and prints, that I think the mention of some quilts for the poor, woven from these materials, may be of use. I was shown several; coarse, and irregular in coloring but of excellent wear, and warm.

The materials were torn into strips of about an inch wide, joined together by needle and thread, and wound into balls, the red twill by itself, but all the others of light colors, together. Every ball weighed 1lb. when complete, and every quilt required seven balls. These were plain quilts but I was told that superior ones with a dispered pattern, could be made, and they took two balls more.

These balls were sent to weavers, who made them up into quilts two yards wide and about two-and-a-half yards long. They were woven in two pieces, afterwards sewn together.

Newspapers, double, were frequently sewn into them for winter use, and flannelette into others, whose owners could afford it.

These rag quilts are warm, as they keep down the blankets on the beds of those who have not many on their beds, and they last a lifetime. There are also wool bed quilts made of cloth woven with yarn, which can never be worn out.

Some comfortable little cushions for hanging on the backs of chairs can be made from small pieces of cretonne, silk, brocade, or any other material. In diamond form, edged all round with a folded frill of pongee silk. They are about 13 inches long, and the point hangs downwards.

The depth from the top to the tip of the point averages 9 inches. Others are made oblong, between 6 and 7 inches wide; and others as small bolsters, or large crackers, tied with cord, and finished of with pompons; but the newest are the diamond-shaped ones. These sell admirably at bazaars, and are expensive to make.

Sofa cushions of soft silk have sometimes a diamond design on them, formed by honeycombing. The honeycombing is also done in five separate squares, one in the centre and four at the corners, on others. If anyone is fond of "smocking," this novel way of exhibiting it will find favor.

When cushions are covered with two colored silks, which is often the case, the silk is first sewn round the edge, drawn to the centre, looped over, and thus finished off. This is very ornamental.

The fashion of using up odd pieces of foreign and ancient embroidery as cushions is quite a specialty at some artistic shops.

Some of the most elaborate nightdress cases resemble large cushions, the front being padded, and thus raised. The nightdress and combing jacket are slipped in at the back, and all round is a cord or a fall of lace. Three-quarters of a yard square is not an unusual thing.

Some novel toilet pincushions are made of circular Indian metal bowls, or of painted wood Russian ones, wrapped in a very dainty handkerchief of some fancy material, edged with lace, tied round with ribbon, with the corners falling over. If tastefully carried out, the pincushions are most ornamental.

The pincushion proper is glued and fixed firmly into the bowl, which it fits tightly, its color matching the brocade of the kerchief. If the bowl is silver or gilt the kerchief is lowered between the corners, to show it.

The same style is carried out for dinner-table decorations, the bowls being filled with flowers. Lamp shades are often composed of white or delicate tinted Indian gauze, commenced at the edge, carried up to the top, and finished off in a very full pleating. They are after the style of the crimped paper ones, recently, and still, so popular.

Many industrious fingers that like pleasant work are embroidering the corners of carriage rugs, which feel like the softest, warmest blankets. They can be had in various colors, but a rich deep red and olive green seem particularly popular. Perambulator rugs are worked in the same way.

When sleeves are worn through and considered useless, they are generally disdarded as such; but an ingenious originator has recently transformed them into a semblance of work-bags. The sleve frame, painted, and pierced near the edge with a row of holes, has a bag attached to it by means of stitches put in and out of these holes. It is encircled and hidden by a length of soft silk passed round it, and finished off in a bow, and silk cord is run in to suspend it by. The bag is made fuller than the sleve, so that it hangs full. The silk, surrounding the wood, is made to draw over the top and to form a covering.

The large-sized sleves have been turned to account in two original ways, one as a receptacle for miniatures, with a velvet background, and suspended against the wall, finished off with a twist of one or two colors of silk; the other as a frame or case for home stuffed birds. Verily in these adaptive days, everything is turned to account.

How calm the mind, how composed the affections, how serene the countenance, how melodious the voice, how sweet the sleep, how contentful the whole life is, of him that neither deviseth mischief against others, nor suspects any to be contrived against himself; and contrariwise, how ungrateful and loathsome a thing it is to abide in a state of enmity, wrath, and dissension; having the thoughts distracted with solicitous care, anxious suspicion, and envious regret!

Confidential Correspondents.

POWIS.—Crape that has been creased may be restored by steaming over a basin of boiling water.

FOLIUM.—Steep the leaves that you wish to skeletonize in rain water until the thick pulp be decayed, and then remove them to a bath consisting of a weak solution of lime-water, for the purpose of whitening them.

PATRIOT.—Of European languages, the English language is computed to be the most widely spoken. The figures are reasoned to be for English, 100 000 000; for German, 70 000,000; for Russian, 68,-000 000, for French, 46 000 000.

STUPID.—This inquirer writes to ask why viz. means namely. It is a contraction from the Latin videlicet. The final "z" was not originally that letter, but is corrupted from a mark that the scribes of the Middle Ages used to indicate contractions.

LASSIE.—Sea-water does not improve a rough skin, nor does sitting over the fire, more especially after exposure of cold, outdoor air, or frost. Use distilled or rain water. A little bran would soften hard water sufficiently for use in washing the face and hands.

PHOTO.—To take off photographs from the cards on which they are mounted, place them in a plate, or some such shallow vessel, and pour warm water over them. In a few minutes the cement will be melted, and the pictures may be removed. The water should not be too hot.

HEARTY.—The days and nights are of equal length over the whole of the earth's surface only twice in each year—viz., March 21st, when the sun passes from south to north of the equator—the vernal equinox; and September 21st, when it crosses from north to south of the equator—the autumnal equinox.

YOUNG LADY.—A law was passed in the time of William III imposing a tax upon bachelors. It is entitled, "An Act for granting to his Majesty certain rates and duties upon marriages, births, and burials, and upon bachelors and widowers, for the term of five years, for carrying on the war against France with vigor."

EDMUND.—The tea plant is an evergreen, and grows to the height of about five or six feet. It must be at least three years old before it is fit to be plucked, every leaf being then gathered separately. An expert plucker will thus gather twelve pounds daily. There are three pluckings in the year—at the end of February, end of March, and the end of May. The first of the season is the best quality.

USIE.—German is a more difficult language than French on account of the declension; yet to an English person it would be easier to make himself understood, speaking very ungrammatically, than it would be in French, on account of a certain rough similarity between multitudes of words in common use and those in English. The pronunciation also is easier to us than French, on account, more especially, of the nasal sounds that abound in that language, and that find no parallel in ours.

BROWN EYES.—1. We should advise you to be very careful how you proceed. The man may have all the outward semblance of a gentleman, and talk like one, and at the same time be a very undesirable person for you to be acquainted with. His having plenty of money proves nothing in his favor. We should recommend you to tell your friends at once what is going on, and let them advise you. The very fact of your writing to anyone for advice on the subject shows that you are doubtful yourself.

JEANIE D.—You should refer to Burke's "Landed Gentry"—an old one of your grandfather's time—for the information you require. Women have no right to a crest, naturally, as it surmounted a helmet which they were not required to wear. They do not wear their family arms on a shield for the same reason, but on what is called a lozenge, shaped like a "hatchment," or a diamond pane of glass. In olden times they worked these devices of the family escutcheon both on the inner dress and on the outer robe or cloak.

AUTHOR.—The term "royalty" originally meant the state, character, or dignity of a king; then the right or prerogative of a sovereign to be paid a tax, such as that on the produce of a mine. It was afterwards applied to the tax paid to the holder of a patent granted by the Crown for the use of such patent, and as this tax is generally at a certain rate for each article manufactured, it came to mean any percentage paid to the owner of an article for its use. As applied to books, the term signifies that percentage on their sale which is paid by a publisher to an author.

WYNDHAM.—The "growing out" of the side of the chest, which you complain of, is due to a weakness of the spine, a relaxation of the muscles, etc., that act like the "stays" of a mast, and keep it upright. It is a somewhat serious condition, and if not properly treated will become worse, with the result that you will have a curvature of the spine and deformity of the chest. You ought to have immediate medical advice, as it may be necessary for you to abandon your present vocation and take complete rest for awhile. Get a bottle of cod-liver oil, and take a dessert-spoonful twice a day.

SALT.—The log book on board a ship is the depository of the evidence of everything that may occur during the voyage—the position of the ship, the sail she was under, the wind, etc., at any moment; also what may occur between the master or officers and the crew. It is the custom for each officer, at the end of his watch, to enter upon the log slate the courses, distances, wind, and weather during his watch, and anything worthy of note that may have occurred. Once in twenty-four hours the slate copies from this slate into the log book, the master, however, first seeing the slate, examining it, and making any corrections or observations he may choose.

DE RENZ.—The "language of colors," as you term it, is purely capricious. In one country black is the sign of mourning; in another, white; in yet another, yellow—and so on. When you speak of red as the sign of danger, you are talking about the mechanical codes used on railways. Men associate certain colors with certain ideas; but bear in mind the well-known case of the blind man who said, "Red is like the sound of a trumpet." That is hardly the common idea, is it? If you were in Seville or Cordova, you would see how the ladies there signal by means of colors; in Japan every sign varies; and the gypsy folk all over the world have a system of signs which is most peculiar. We say "green for jealousy"; the gypsy wears green—whenever he can afford it—for luck.